

The
ADVOCATE
1931



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The Advocate

VOL. XXXX, No. 2

NEEDHAM, MASS., JUNE, 1931

PRICE 60 CENTS

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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Dedication

Miss Mary W. Matheson
(Left)

Miss Alice C. Gates
(Below)

It is with great pleasure that the class of nineteen hundred and thirty-one dedicate this Commencement issue of the Advocate to their class advisors, Mary W. Matheson and Alice C. Gates, who have given untiringly of their time and advice.

They have taken a personal interest in all our endeavors and with their encouragement we have been able to carry on successfully and achieve our goal of graduation.



Editorials

SMILES

Elinor Sturtevant, '31

*"There are smiles that make us happy;
There are smiles that make us sad."*

A smile in itself, however, is only the exercising of certain facial muscles and may serve as a pleasant change from the natural expression of the face. Smiling is the opposite of frowning, which is also an exercise. But oh—the things that it can do are innumerable, and the troubles it can conquer and the pleasures it can give are equally great.

Every one knows and uses the "everyday" smile, that is, the smile of greeting or of acknowledging an acquaintance. This is the simplest kind and the most spontaneous, the easiest to give, and the one which perhaps means the most. All of us at sometime, when feeling very sad and discouraged have received a sweet, sympathetic smile which completely cheered us when all seemed utterly hopeless.

It seems hard to understand how such a small movement of the human face can possibly change a person's whole outlook on life. A friendly smile not only helps the receiver but also the sender. A radiating smile sent out is sure to get one in return—it is inevitable.

When you were at the inquisitive age and it was nearly Christmas time, haven't you, upon asking your mother if Santa Claus wasn't bringing you an electric train, noticed a queer smile appear on her face which proved that you had guessed right? As her smile grew broader, she would simply answer, "Wait and see." It was a kindly, knowing smile, an understanding smile. She wouldn't have admitted that you were right for the world, but you could always tell, nevertheless. Her smile and laughing eyes were a sufficient answer.

Another member of the smile family is the snicker. Usually this is not used to good ends but is a kind of sneer or mockery. Quite often it is used sarcastically and makes a person feel badly.

Then there is the giggle which is a silly habit but which often brings one out of too serious a mood. Children in school giggle. Everything strikes them funny. No matter what is said or done there is something funny in it for them, and they giggle. It is nice to be optimistic and get enjoyment out of things but after a while it becomes tiresome to hear a whole group of girls, with high-pitched voices, giggling themselves red in the face.

It is a great asset now-a-days to be able to laugh, even when the odds are against you and things seem the blackest. Somehow laughing pulls you through.

Smiling in its various forms is good medicine to be taken by all, in as large a dose as one pleases and as often as desired. It takes only a minute and its effects may last a lifetime.

* * *

ON BEARING YOUR END

Lois Beech, '31

Do you do all the tasks assigned to you? I'll wager not. Yet the world would be better for a little more effort on every person's part. No matter whether it is at home, at school, or in business, you should do your share.

Think how exasperated teachers must feel when the home-work comes in carelessly half-done. Contrary to the popular belief, teachers are not machines who teach subjects out of books mechanically. They want to make something fine and clever out of you, but you shirk your half of the bargain. It is very discouraging. How would the sculptor feel

if his clay refused to be molded? It is fortunate that inanimate objects are not so irrational as living people are.

You are merely cheating yourself by refusing to work. You lose the advantage your accomplished task would bring to you, the personal satisfaction and pride in a finished piece of work, and the experience acquired in working.

Then there is your moral obligation. When you have given your word to do a certain thing, you forfeit your word of honor by not doing your task. You cannot get very far along in the world unless you are able to be trusted. Besides, you would resent the shirking of another person in connection with yourself.

There are arguments on both sides of every question, but the only argument for not doing your share of work is a poor excuse.

* * * * *

TIME

A Sonnet

Bertha Redonnet, '31

Time is the finite basis of all things;
Upon it are constructed all the years,
The joys and sorrows, laughter and the tears
Of men and nations. This and more time
brings

To those who wait. We cannot all be kings;
But we can all forget our hidden fears
And make our time fruitful and glad. One
hears

The saying: "Time flies by as if on wings."

Yes, time does fly, but time is always ours
To use as best we can; and if we let
The days fade by, thus cease we to ascend,
Progressively succeed; we find our hours
Forever gone, the will trapped in a net,
Inert, supine, beyond the power to mend.

A NOTE OF OPTIMISM

Priscilla Sautelle, '31

Usually at this time of year, when all thoughts turn toward commencement, we hear many people remark that the best of our lives is over and that our happiest days are behind us. We don an "Auntie-Doleful" expression, taking these so-called words of wisdom to be facts.

Without attempting to write a thesis on this subject, we might benefit by a look into the real meaning of the word graduation. From its Latin derivation it comes to mean a "step"; or "step by step". Graduation and commencement, when taken successively, readily mean a step toward the beginning of life. No single period of time can determine our lives; they are, like the circle, complete only when ended. Browning gives voice to this sentiment in the following lines:—

*"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our Times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,'
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all,
nor be afraid!"*

Although our high school days are among the happiest and perhaps the most carefree days of our life, let us, who are graduating, sound a note of optimism at a "doleful" season, and courageously believe that the best is yet to come.

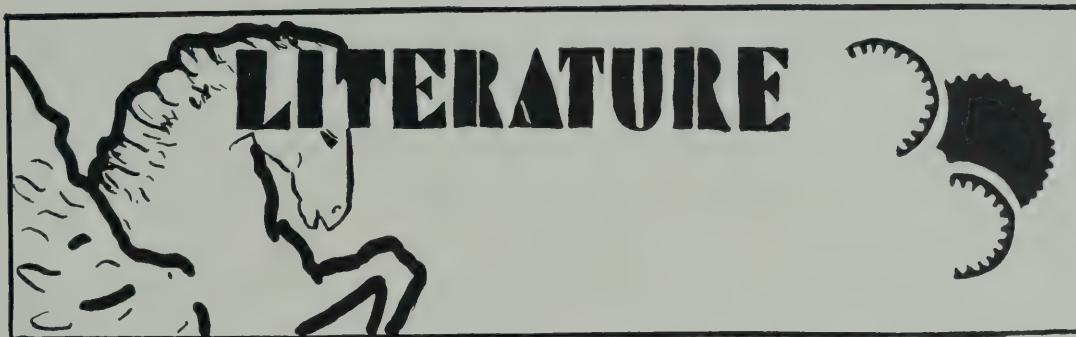
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THE RIDERS OF THE RAIN

Royal Abbott, '33

I watched the Riders of the Rain,
Come sweeping up the vale;
Each cloud a charger's inky mane,
Each lance sharp-tipt with hail.

I saw them strike the waiting troops,
Leaves crimson all the plain;
The vanquished maple banners droop,
On ride the hosts of Rain.



The Proof

Ruth Langdale, '31

Under the blazing sun amid the gray ruins of Pompeii three men were carefully chipping away the substance which concealed, they hoped, some valuable secrets of antiquity. They wielded their picks carefully for fear of ruining some hidden treasure.

"Well, praise the Lord, I've hit something at last. Come over here fellows and help me clear this junk away."

Nervously the men removed the covering. Great was their disappointment when they found that their discovery was merely a skeleton. However, it is not characteristic of archeologists to be easily disheartened, and so their digging was resumed. Within a small space three more skeletons were found, and with two of them, ornate metal shields.

"This isn't so bad. Let's keep it up," said one man.

At a distance of several yards another skeleton was found of such a noticeable difference in size that it seemed almost certain to be that of a woman. At its feet was found a clay lamp that fell to dust as it was touched.

In the year 79 A. D., in the city of Pompeii, a queer procession was winding through the irregular city streets toward the open fields in the direction of Vesuvius. Nearly all the

inhabitants followed along, for this was a most unusual occasion. A follower of the goddess Vesta was to be tried for infidelity to the gods.

The Virgin under suspicion was the daughter of a magistrate, Claudius, who had openly denounced the gods, and declared his belief in Christianity. The spirit of the mob was incited by his denunciation, and his punishment was to be brought about by the unfavorable publicity of his daughter.

The time for action came one night when it was Claudia's duty to watch the fire in the temple, the fire which must never die until the day of the rekindling. The night before her watch Claudia had stayed awake trying to comfort a homesick little ten-year-old girl who had been sent against her will to the temple. She had been busy all the following day, and so she had gotten no rest.

As Claudia reclined near the fire in the shadowy temple, her present surroundings were entirely forgotten. She could think only of her father, now a Christian. A Christian! To think that he would accept a belief that had only seventy-nine years of existence as compared to the hundreds of years of the Roman religion. It was fortunate that she had left her home and become a Vestal Virgin. She would never lose her

belief. She would never lose her belief. She would never lose.

In spite of her troubled thought she had fallen asleep. The flames lowered. Soon only an orange glow of the sacred fire was left.

It did not take long for news of Claudia's carelessness to spread over the city. There could be no better time than this for shaming the family of Claudius. Claudia was said to have let the fire die because she also, like her father, was a Christian. Now she must go through with the usual trial of a Virgin thought unfaithful and if the gods did not prove her innocent she must suffer the usual penalty—burial alive!

As the procession moved along, Claudia, white even to her lips, carried the sieve in which rested her fate. If the gods were with her they would make it possible for her to carry water, and if not—oh, there could be no "if not." Surely the gods would not fail her.

When Claudia reached the water, the crowd suddenly hushed. She dipped in the sieve. No sooner had she lifted it than the water streamed down. For a moment she seemed about to fall. Then she tried again. No use! This time she was seized by two stately

soldiers with gleaming shields. Along with them walked two priests.

As the stilled procession walked back to where Claudia was to receive her punishment, her voice was the only one to be heard.

"Oh, Vesta, to whom my life is dedicated, save me. My innocence is known to thee. Oh, Jupiter, all-powerful father of gods and men, loose thy thunderbolts that I may be shown guiltless."

Thus ran her prayers until the burial place was reached. After she had been laid down, by this time unable to move of her own free will, and after the lamp and the cruel, taunting bit of food had been placed within her reach, she whispered, "You shall see! Before the sun sets some sign shall be given to make you understand."

Suddenly the stirred crowd realized that a rumbling had been coming from the distance. No doubt as to what it was! Vesuvius, the terror of their lives, was erupting. The crowd quickly disappeared. The soldiers and priests took a few steps, but one of them murmured, "The Proof," and the rest stopped, frozen by fear, until they could no longer hope for safety.

With their realization of the truth came oblivion.

East and West

Eunice Burdick, '32

There was a craning of necks and a brief pause in the clutter of the newspaper office, when the society reporter lounged in at the busiest hour of the day. He was an ambitious, hustling sort of chap, who usually entered bubbling over with the news for his column, but today he looked totally discouraged—even his cigarette drooped despondently from one corner of his mouth. There was an expectant hush, for even the most insignificant office boy had heard the talk of how the society column of the "News" was to blossom forth that evening with a description

of Mrs. Van Astorbilt's tea, especially of Mrs. Van Astorbilt's costume. A famous Parisian designer had recently visited New York and had left a model tea-gown of black satin, with all the accessories, as an exhibit in a prominent New York store. The store had immediately put an exorbitant price upon the outfit and Mrs. Van Astorbilt had sailed in and munificently written out a check and ordered the ensemble to be delivered in time for her tea. All this had been hinted to the "News" reporter and he had rushed off to the tea after informing all his fellow employees of his

good fortune in receiving the tip. Now every one waited for him to speak, but he said not a word. Instead, he slouched over to his desk, threw his cherished immaculate grey fedora onto the floor, yanked a green eyeshade down over his forehead and began to pound his battered typewriter dispiritedly. The office force exchanged glances, but still no one spoke. A few returned to their typewriters. Finally Miss Clare Vere de Vere (Rosie Cohen in private life), the editor of the etiquette column, who was said to be smitten with the society reporter, strolled over to his desk and laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. He shook it off with a grunt, not even glancing up.

"Guy," murmured Miss Vere de Vere, in tones which were intended to be huskily Greta Garbo-ish, "aren't you going to tell us all about it?"

Guy sniffed disapprovingly at the strong odor of orange-blossom perfume which enveloped him and, aware that every one was listening, growled, "Nothin' to tell!"

"But the robe, Guy—"

"She didn't wear it—that's all. No one knows anything about it," and he turned back to his typewriter with a finality which left Miss Vere de Vere no alternative but to walk back to her desk, teetering slightly on her high heels and leaving a reminder of Woolworth's toilet goods counter with all she passed.

That night several "climbers" were delighted at the accounts of their doings in the society column of the usually snobbish "News," for Guy had been obliged to fill up the column with anything he could find, little dreaming that he had come into contact with a story that would easily have been "first-page stuff."

Mrs. Van Astorbilt's palatial residence was at 364 East 178th Street. A few hours before the tea, the department store received a telephone call from a frantic French maid.

"Madame, she have not receive ze gown.

Eet muz come—toute de suite! Ze tea ees at four and eet ees now two!"

A check-up was immediately organized, and the driver of the truck that had been entrusted with the precious parcel was soon brought in for questioning. He admitted that the address had been so scrawled that he had mistaken the "E" for a "W", had taken the parcel to 364 West 178th Street, and, finding no one at home, had left it on the doorstep. A messenger boy was called in, told the story, and sent off post-haste to West 178th Street.

He soon began to chuckle as he realized that the address was in the heart of Harlem, for he knew very well how Mrs. Van Astorbilt would shudder at a dress that had been pawed over, perhaps even tried on, by some dusky belle.

He found the address and with difficulty mounted the steps, which were crowded with little piccaninies. A push of the bell brought forth shrieks of delighted African laughter from the group on the steps and one of the oldest volunteered the information that "That bell ain't rung fo' mo' 'n a year. Walk in, if you wants somepin."

He did so and soon came upon a robust colored lady bending over a huge tub of washing and singing so loudly that she failed to hear him come in. After he had cleared his throat several times, she looked up and saw him through the rising clouds of steam.

"Howdy?" she murmured, rather uncertainly.

"I am from John Wanamaker's," he began, but he got no further.

"You *is*? Well, I'se d'lighted to see you. I declare, I done tole the kids, I don't see how Mistuh Wanamaker ever happened to hear about my husband's dying', but it sho' was mighty thoughtful of him to send me them elegant black clo'es for his funeral!"

And that is why the society column of the "News" was pitifully bare on the night of Mrs. Van Astorbilt's tea and why a former truck-driver of John Wanamaker's is now selling apples on a crowded street corner.

He Wouldn't Be Passed

Robert Shine, '32



weak. Now, as he stared at the approaching horseman, a miserly look came into his close set eyes.

It wasn't the old fellow with the tanned features, and long white beard that interested the gambler; it was the horse. The animal had the bearing of a thoroughbred, a beautifully shaped body, and long powerful legs.

Gorgan took the old man to be a wandering prospector as the stranger passed him with a casual "Howdy," and he wondered how such a beautiful mount had come into his possession.

Steps sounded within the hotel, and Gorgan turned his head to see the old man wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, as he pushed open the door.

Gorgan spoke abruptly. "Come over and sit down, friend. I'd like a few words with you."

The old-timer looked at him with a grin and seated himself in the rickety chair at the gambler's side.

"My name's Gorgan, Peter Gorgan," began "Wolf." I been admiring that horse of yours, and I thought I'd like to know its owner."

"Folks call me "Cactus" Simpson, Mr. Gorgan, and I'm right glad to know you. I just come in from a trip out thar," he waved one hand toward the desert, "and naturally, I headed fer the hotel for a drink. Now I'm

glad I come, for it shore is a pleasure to meet a fellow that appreciates horses."

Gorgan smiled his sneaky smile.

"I've taken a fancy to that horse all right," he agreed. "So much so I've been wondering if perhaps you wouldn't want to trade, or sell."

He stopped, and a kind look came into the old timer's faded eyes as he replied, "Sorry, Mr. Gorgan, but I wouldn't consider it. Why, that thar horse and me been pards for more'n two year. He's a real thoroughbred, Lightning is, used to be a racer. Money wouldn't buy him."

Wolf sighed a little as he gathered together a deck of cards that had been scattered on the table, and with expert fingers started to shuffle them. Finally he said with a crafty smile, as he noted the eager look on the old-timer's face, "All right, if you won't sell or trade we won't talk about it. But how about a little game? That is, if you play."

"Cactus" Simpson nodded eagerly.

"I sure do. I shouldn't say it, but I'm some expert at poker! And I'll be right glad to shuffle the kyards with you. I can get us a fresh deck inside."

Simpson got up and ambled across the porch and was soon back with a sealed deck. He pushed the table in front of Gorgan and sat opposite him.

Two other loungers drew up chairs and asked for hands. Gorgan dealt them in, satisfied that he could get rid of them when he wanted to.

The first six hands were common enough. Simpson won slowly, Gorgan held his own and the two strangers lost. Finally on the eleventh hand the gambler won as much as the old man had taken in the previous six, and smiled as he said, "Better luck next time," to his victim. "Poker isn't a game for any except real players."

Simpson lost his head at this, and bet wildly on his next cards only to lose. His rate was too fast for the other two and they withdrew.

On his next hand, Gorgan picked up his cards and announced, "I'm standing pat," and selected ten chips and shoved them forward.

"Meet you and raise you six," said Simpson, "That's all I got."

Gorgan met his raise and shoved twenty chips forward.

The prospector's eyes were hot and angry. He spoke harshly.

"I'll meet you, and raise you twenty if you'll loan me."

"No. But I'll allow you fifty for your horse, and meet you."

"I'll take you up on that. Here is my hand, three tens."

Slowly Gorgan laid down his cards, three queens face up.

The old man took his loss well, made out a bill of sale, trembling, and faced the horse and said, "Good-by, pard, I've been a fool. You and me has got to go our ways. But I'll allus remember you."

He left, and Gorgan mounted Lightning. He learned an important thing right there. Two cowboys went galloping down the street, and instantly Lightning raced after them, as he seemed to have a horror of being beaten at running. Gorgan at last managed to turn his head and rode him back just to see another likely-looking "sucker" enter the hotel. He tethered his horse, and managed after talking with the stranger to get him into a game, but received the shock of his life when he made the one mistake he had ever made; he held three aces and his victim, two.

"Bum work, Gorgan," smiled the stranger as he produced handcuffs and a badge. "Gambling is legal in this state, but yours is a sure thing. I've been sent to investigate."

At this Gorgan overturned the table, smashed the stranger with a whiskey bottle,

and jumped off the piazza of the hotel to the hitching rack, where he secured Lightning.

He and his mount were so quick, that he left before the crowd had surrounded the fallen sheriff. They soon got horses however, and raced after him, the dazed sheriff in the rear. Gorgan quickly outdistanced them and then decided to play a trick, so he swerved his horse into a small hollow, and in a short while the posse went thundering past. Gorgan was about to compliment himself when Lightning left the hollow, and raced after them. Cursing himself for not remembering the incident when he had raced the cow ponies, Gorgan tried to hold him back, but in vain. The posse had heard the thunder of Lightning's hoofs and were waiting in a half-circle with drawn guns, but surprised faces. Gorgan seeing that there was no hope, raised his hands and was soon handcuffed to the sheriff, the latter's happy face being only less happy than that of "Cactus" Simpson.

* * *

AFTER RAIN

Eunice Whitaker, '33

A silver sheet comes shimmering
From clouds up in the sky;
It paints the earth with mossy green,
The sky with azure dye.

It polishes the birches' bark,
Refreshes all the streams;
The tiny flowers lift their heads
Turned from the sun's bright beams.

* * * * *

A CASCADE

Frederic Mann, '31

A foamy, white cascade,
Falling from hard, worn cliffs,
In a sheer unfathomable drop,
Poised motionless for a moment
As pure white marble,
Then dropping swiftly,
Striking with a resounding crash
Like distant thunder.

Pirates Ahoy!

Barbara Eames, '31

Jacky, a little six year old boy, was racing along the sandy beach. It was early morning and the wind was blowing fresh from the Northwest. The sun was shining, the sky was clear, and the sea was a deep sparkling blue. Jacky wasn't thinking of the day and the time but he did know he felt good and wanted to run and run.

He knew just what he was going to do. He would run and run until he couldn't run any more, then he would drop down on the warm sand and rest. There he would watch the boats out on the water. There were many of them and he liked to watch for the different kinds and tell himself what kind of boat he was going to have when he grew up. Then he would get up and walk around that point where the big rock was. Going a little farther down, he would come to his destination.

Every morning Jacky set out for the same place, which might be called most anything depending upon the way he felt. The place did not appear unusual to most people. There were a lot of rocks and half cliffs along the shore and in one place there was a sort of cave which would not interest any grown up, but to Jacky it was the most marvelous place, probably because it was just big enough for him to get in to. This morning it was to be a pirate's den and he was the pirate.

Jacky slowly came around the point for he was tired of running and the rocks were getting larger and his little feet had a hard time getting over them. He was dressed for the part of a pirate. He had tied a red bandana around his blond, curly head and a wooden dagger was stuck under his belt.

Suddenly he looked up toward his pirate den and his big, blue eyes widened in amazement. There, before his very own cave stood another little boy, his legs spread apart, his

hands on his hips, and a wooden dagger in his belt. He looked as if he defied anyone to come near. However, Jacky was not to be frightened by anyone.

He walked up to him and in his gruffest voice asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm a pirate," came back a voice just as gruff.

"What are you doing here?" asked Jacky.

"I'm going to play here."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, I am and you're not going to stop me."

"I am too, this is my place, and you can't have it."

Poor little Jacky! Trying to be so brave. He knew he couldn't stop the other boy because he was at least a year and a half older than he and if it came to a fight Jacky would surely be put to shame.

"What's your name?" asked Jacky.

"Bobby. What's yours?"

"Jacky."

There was a few minute's silence while they looked at each other.

"Oh, look!" suddenly exclaimed Jacky. "See that big five-masted schooner out there."

"Where?" asked Bobby.

"See, over there right off the end of that island."

"Oh, I see it," said Bobby. "Boy, that's some schooner. She's got all her sails set and she's going like a streak of wind. That's the kind of a ship I'm going to have when I grow up."

"So'm I, and I'm going to be a pirate, too. I tell you what let's do. Let's you and I be pirates and we'll pretend we're stranded on an island, and we'll find a treasure and hide it in this cave."

"All right. We'll go hunt for the treasure now and then bring it back to the cave."

They started out, all thought of their former disagreement gone. They walked along the beach side by side talking in the manner of real pirates. At least they thought so.

When they returned to the cave, they had their arms full. Of course there was a great collection. There were many bright colored stones and odd pieces of drift wood. These were precious stones and metals. Then there were bright colored bottles of many shapes and sizes. They found some large boards and made shelves in the cave to place the things on. The cave looked like a department store.

Again they started out in another direction to find more treasure. After they had walked quite a way and were thinking about turning back, Jacky's eye suddenly caught sight of something.

"Look! ! Bobby, Look ! See that thing shining over there?"

"Yes, I see it. Come on, let's go see what it is."

Both of them ran as fast as they could in that direction. Bobby reached it first and picked it up. They both looked at it in wonder. It was a ring and although their inexperienced eyes could not detect the value of it, it looked like a million dollars to them. However, it was really worth something; in fact, it was worth a great deal. It was a platinum ring and a most exquisite diamond was set in it. By all appearances very new and a design of modern type.

"How d'you suppose it got here?" asked Jacky.

"Search me," said Bobby, "What'll we do with it?"

"I know," said Jacky, "Let's take it back to the cave and hide it in a safe place. Gee, it will be a real treasure, won't it? We'll leave it there for a while and if we hear of anybody that's lost a ring, we'll tell them about it. It's getting late now, we better go home for dinner."

"O. K. Say, where do you live?"

"Over in that yellow cottage near the hotel."

"Gee, that's good. We live in the hotel and you and I can play a lot to-gether, can't we?"

"You bet! Come on, let's go."

They went back to the cave and put the ring in a safe place. Then they went home feeling quite important. They had decided not to tell anyone about the ring until they both had agreed that it was all right.

That afternoon they met down on the beach again. They were walking toward their pirate's den when they saw a young girl sitting on a large rock all by herself. She seemed very depressed, and when they came near to her they could see traces of tears in her eyes.

"That's Mary Dodd," whispered Bobby to Jacky. "She's staying at the hotel. I wonder what's the matter. Let's speak to her. She's loads of fun to play with."

They went over to her and Bobby spoke. "Hello, Mary. This is Jacky. We've been playing pirates all morning and now we're going to play some more. What's the matter?"

"Hello, Bobby. Hello, Jacky. I'm glad you're having such a good time. I don't feel very happy right now so I guess I won't play with you today. I'd rather be by myself."

"Aw, what's the matter?" asked Bobby.

"I don't think you'd be interested," said Mary.

"Yes, we would," said Bobby.

"Sure we would," affirmed Jacky. "Go ahead and tell us. Maybe we can help you."

"I really don't think you could," said Mary. "Heaven knows I wish you could. Well, you see it's this way: Last July when I first came down here I became engaged to Jerry Stanly. You remember him, Bobby, and he gave me a lovely engagement ring."

"What's a 'gagement ring?" asked Jacky.

"Why, when you decide to marry a person, you become engaged, that is you promise to marry him. Then he gives you a ring. Mine was a beautiful ring with a great big diamond and yesterday I lost it. I've been looking for it all day and I can't find it anywhere,

and I don't know what I'll do if I don't find it."

"We know where it is," cried Bobby and Jacky together. For it had dawned on them that the ring they had found that morning must be the ring Mary had lost.

"I don't think you could possibly find it," said Mary. "It must have been some other ring."

"No, it's the right one. We're sure it is. Come on; we'll get it for you."

Mary was reluctant to follow but they finally persuaded her to. They took her to the cave and Jacky went in to get the ring. Carefully he brought it out and unrolled the handkerchief in which it had been placed. Mary hardly believed her eyes. It really was her precious ring.

"It is, it is!" cried she. "My lovely, lovely ring." She quickly took it and put it on her finger and then took both little boys in her arms and kissed them. They blushed but took her affection like gentlemen, for they were glad to be able to help her.

"We're supposed to be pirates," said Bobby. "But we're good pirates. We wouldn't keep anything like that from you. We saw it on the beach this morning while we were hunting for treasures and thought we'd keep it until we heard about somebody who lost it. I'm glad we did now."

"Well, I can't thank you enough for finding it. I guess if you hadn't played pirates I wouldn't have my ring now. But don't you think you've played pirates enough for today? What do you say to getting in my car and going up to town and seeing the circus? Would you like that?"

"You bet we would," said Bobby.

"I'd love to go to the circus," said Jacky. "Will you really take us?"

"Of course I will," said Mary, "Come on. We'll go tell your mothers where you're going and then we'll have the time of our life."

And two little pirates, each holding the hand of a beautiful young lady, went skipping along the shore, their eyes shining.

The Pleasures of Loafing

Robert Gilbert. '32

The pleasures of loafing are many and beneficial. To the one who has never experienced the wonderful powers of loafing, this writing should prove a temptation. First of all there are the physical benefits. Think of it! Relaxing and stretching on some sandy beach shaded by tall, cool, whispering pine trees. You loosen the habitual tension of your muscles, squirm a natural resting place in the warm sands, and heave a sigh of utter content. If you repeat this enjoyable process for a week or more you will soon notice how much better you look. Your face and body will gain a clear and full look and beneficial weight will be noticed. In this process it is almost guaranteed that you will not gain too much surplus, but just the correct and fashionable amount. Then too, you will notice how your nerves have calmed down. You will even flatter yourself on how cool and collected a person you have become. Your stature will increase lengthwise as well as sidewise, for the relaxation of your body gives it an excellent chance to grow.

Think of the mental changes, too. Matters of this world, which before would have burdened you down and fixed a permanent scowl on your face, seem to find someone else to burden besides yourself. The placidity of your mind will be a pleasant characteristic that you will want to keep forever.

Habitual changes will also be recorded. Slow, easy, yet productive efforts will be the result of one or more weeks of pleasant loafing. A general kindness towards the rest of the world (that you have always desired to have) becomes a part of you.

Two weeks of such loafing, pleasant, peaceful time passed in producing results, is all that is necessary to bring to you the experiences of such a life.

They Also Serve

Lois Beech, '31



I have lain here bitterly hating God for inflicting this punishment on me and mankind because it could still walk, and I cannot.

It is Mrs. Wharton who has induced me to take a new try at life. First she said that I might interest myself in people, their unconscious and conscious actions, their minds, and their personalities. Then, saintly woman that she is, she even suggested that I might help other people by observing their distresses. Of what use could I be? I am only a drag on my parents and a bore to my friends. I can only envy people who can walk.

Mother has moved me into the sun-parlor downstairs where I may benefit by the autumn sun, now that I can sit up. Already I have started to observe people, although I have seen nothing interesting yet. This morning a girl who reminds me somewhat of what I used to be passed by on her way to school. She almost flew, she walked so springily. She can be lighthearted! It is really a lovely day; the sky is ever so blue, like a picture, and the trees seem all stirred up in pride of their beautiful foliage.

The sun is setting, throwing a parting golden glow over everything. Here comes my girl home from school. She is late. She looks tired but still happy. I should love to know what makes her so happy.

* * * * *

I must get up very early every morning now, because Romance entered the life of my girl yesterday. She was on her way to school

as usual. Peter, the German shepherd dog next door, took an antipathy to her and growled ominously. At first she took no heed of him. But as he continued to growl and advance bristling, she saw him and grew panic-stricken. She walked faster and faster and began to run. Peter attacked her arm, pulling her to the ground. A young man came running up and grabbed Peter's collar. Mr. Wright came out just then and there was a heated argument. I could hear them even through my thick windows.

The young fellow insisted that Mr. Wright chain the dog or he would notify the police and Mr. Wright said the girl must have irritated the dog in some way. However, impulsive youth won and Peter is heavily chained.

Well, the young man walked with my girl as far as the next corner which he turned down. I guess he works in the factory down there.

This morning they appeared together and walked up to the corner, apparently delighted with their new friendship. I do hope they will fall in love. He is a fine looking young man and she is a sweet-looking girl. Somebody might as well be happy; I cannot.

* * * * *

Nothing out of the ordinary has happened to my sweethearts, for they are that by this time, until yesterday. They struggled through the blinding snow storm silently to the old corner where they halted to say goodbye. After a few minutes of animated conversation, he stamped angrily down the side street without the customary wave of goodbye. Her face revealed what I had guessed; they have quarrelled. She looked down his street and she was crying when she came by here. I am so sorry. It appears that other people are unhappy, too.

* * * * *

I think it is a shame! I do wish I could help, worthless as I am! It is a week since the

quarrel, and this morning at 7:45 my girl came up the street with a high-school boy and a few yards behind them walked my boy with Marion Hall, a girl who graduated last year with me and who is now acting as the principal's secretary. If they only realized how pathetic the situation is! Of course each is trying to spite the other.

* * * * *

It is three weeks later and the situation still exists. I thought perhaps Christmas would soften their anger and pride; but it hasn't. I wish that I could help them. If they would only realize how precious happiness is, I am sure they would forget these petty differences. What can I do?

After four hours' brooding over my sweethearts, I have suddenly conceived a plan. I must send for Mr. Wright as soon as he returns from work.

Mr. Wright has sympathetically fallen in with my plan, and here I am at 7:30 in the morning nearly freezing by this window; waiting for my plan to work. It must!

The scene is set. It is a frosty morning with about an ankle-depth of snow on the ground. Peter is chained outside by the front

porch. The very air seems tense. Oh Peter, if you will be good, I will get you a fine bone soon.

Ah! here come the unsuspecting actors in my little drama! The inevitable four, my girl and the high school boy leading, come from the left. Mr. Wright enters at the right and goes to Peter.

Just as the leading couple reach Wright's drive, Peter suddenly breaks loose and makes for my girl. She sees him coming and screams. Her escort is too dumb-founded to act. However, my boy leaps forward, coinciding with the dog, before my girl. Mr. Wright comes puffing down the drive to take Peter and apologizes for not holding Peter more tightly. My boy is very very angry, and alternates soothing the sobbing girl and threatening Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright tells Peter to make friends with my girl, inducing her to pat the gradually acquiescent Peter.

Finally Mr. Wright and Peter go back to the house and my reunited sweethearts trudge arm in arm to the corner. I feel strangely happy. What have I done to deserve such happiness? Nothing, but oddly, I do feel happy just the same.

Pepper Sauce

Arthur H. Bucknam, Jr. '31

The whole Parkes family was atingle with excitement. All but grandma and Jimmie were on the flatboat ready to float down the Mississippi to their new home several hundred miles to the south. The father was calling to them from the flatboat to hurry up. They must make the narrows by the next night if they wanted to be safe from the Indians, and there was no time to waste. "Take those two jugs, Jimmie," said grandma. "I've got everything else." Jimmie took them, unwillingly, for he knew that they contained the detested pepper-sauce, grandma's own "brand." Jimmie was not like the other Parkeses. They were all slow, steady people with sandy hair, and were

very muscular. Jimmie was very quick, both in action and thought. He was dark haired, and of slight build.

They climbed aboard and one of Jimmie's brothers having untied the boat, they gently floated out into mid-stream. The flat boat was piled high with the family belongings. In the bow there was a sort of stable for Parkes's horse, two cows, pigs and hens. In the stern, where he manned the sweep, was a grain bin below the deck.

"Ware'l I put 'em?" asked Jimmie of his grandmother.

"I don't know," she replied. "Ask your

father." But Jimmie was already on his way to the grain bin.

"Put 'em down in the grain bin," said his father, probably reminded of the place by the direction of Jimmie's footsteps. Jimmie packed them away and lay down on some blankets at one side of the bin, musing and watching the river and the further bank, through a crack.

All went well until the middle of the afternoon. Jimmie was spending most of his time in the grain bin, shooting through the cracks in the wall with his home-made shot gun, which his craft had designed so that he could shoot either pebbles or liquids.

Suddenly Steve Parkes's eye caught a suspicious looking object sticking out from the river bank in the shelter of thick bushes and trees. As the flatboat moved forward, he discerned three canoes full of Indians. He warned his two older boys to watch and guard the bow with the rifles which were ready, all loaded. He continued to man the sweep as the canoes shot out from the bank, two to the front and one to the stern. The two in front were to attract the defenders to the bow while the others were to board via the stern, which the savages had long ago learned was the vulnerable part of the flatboat. Parkes stepped down between some large boxes so as to be protected from bullets or arrows. Then he saw four Indians leap from the canoe to his rear and disappear into the water. He knew that they were swimming toward him but, such expert swimmers were they, that he could not see where they were.

His sons in the bow were successfully keeping the Indians in front at bay. After a few minutes he saw four pairs of hands, one after another, grasp the boat near the water's edge. He wanted to shoot at them, but was afraid of stray bullets from the canoes. He was afraid to club them because they might wrest the gun from him. What to do?

A redskin began to draw himself up out of the water. Parkes was ready to shoot, when

suddenly the redskin gave a startled yell and jumped back into the water clawing at his eyes. Another Indian rose, and slid back with a yell into the water, clasping his eyes. Parkes wondered what was happening as all the redskins were afflicted in the same manner, and took their chances, which were very good, of being shot by Parkes, as they dropped behind. When he was sure that he had put all of the redskins at his end out of the way, he went forward to assist his sons, who, with their reinforcements, soon drove off the Indians attacking from the front. He then told his sons of the queer proceedings at the stern, and they followed him aft, down into the grain bin, where they found Jimmie, gun in hand, watching through a crack, with an open jug of pepper-sauce beside him.

"This here stuff is good for one thing, after all," he said, grinning.

* * * * *

TO ONE ALMOST FORGOTTEN

Doris W. Jones, '31.

*Last night a strain of music worked a spell
That bore me back across the years,
And let me see you as you looked
When last we parted were.
The muted singing of the violins
Brought back to me the sweetness of your
voice.
I heard you humming some bright song,
Now softened by the years;
I smelled again the sweetness of the pine
That spread its fragrant carpet at our feet;
I held once more your friendly hand
As on the day we met.
I thought I could forget,—vain hope!
And tried, until this music won;
And now I know you will ever be
Enshrined in my memory.*

That's That

Florence Coleman, '31

As presented by the IV-B English division,
April 1, 1931—with the following cast of
characters:

Mrs. J. Reynolds Montgomery, Dorothea Crawley
James..... Maurice Holman
Polly..... Eleanor Dearing
Ralph..... Curtis Low
Ronny..... Richard Hodgman
Mrs. Allen..... Susan Richards

THAT'S THAT

SCENE 1

Conservatory of the Home of Mrs. J. Reynolds Montgomery.

Time—8.00 on a June evening.

Mrs. M. (at right)—Yes, James, I'm quite satisfied with the result. You can come down now. (James descends a ladder and stands scratching his head.) Still, you might fix that strand up there, I don't quite like the way it—Polly! (As James again mounts the ladder, Polly, in a rather sophisticated evening dress enters.) So you're going to that insignificant dance; *that's* more important to you than your own mother's ball. (Seeing James.) That is quite all right now, you may go, James.

James—Yes'm. (He exits, dragging ladder after him.)

Polly—Mother, don't get excited, you know you'll have a lovely time, you always do, and it will be a wonderfully successful night and—

Mrs. M.—Do you see that chair? (Pointing.) Yes! I'm using it as a decoration, it's priceless and extremely fragile. I'm afraid some one will sit on it and—

Polly—And good-bye chair! Why don't you put a sign on it, "Kindly refrain from sitting here." That's an idea, really, why not try it?

Mrs. M.—Polly, I want you to stop fooling. Can't you ever be of any help to me?

Polly—Well, if it's a case of guarding that chair, 'till death does us part— (Pauses, looks at mother with a grin.) Little Polly is delegated to play watching— (Pause) and the gentlemen guests will all be friends of yours—all right, I'll be the guardian angel of that chair—I'll make them shoot me first then sit in *that chair*. (Pointing.) I'll be back in about half an hour, put it in a cage till then.

Mrs. M.—James, James. (Enter James, with look of inquiry.) Miss Polly will be back in half an hour, until then *you* watch *that chair*. (James sits on ladder, facing chair, face very glum and chin in his hands.) Don't forget, don't let *anyone* sit on that chair. (Turns to go out) Don't let them even see it. (James takes off coat, drapes it over chair and resumes his former position as falls curtain.

SCENE 2

Time—Three hours later.

(Polly is seated all alone on a davenport. She is dressed in a very demure fashion. Footsteps are heard from the left.)

Enter Ralph Hollander in a very precise manner. He is about forty, tall, well-groomed and considers himself quite a talker, especially with the ladies.

Ralph—Ah, good evening, Miss Montgomery, may I join you? (Polly gives an agonized glance toward Mr. Hollander, then toward the door.)

Polly—Surely, I shall be delighted. (Ralph sits beside her.)

Ralph—Lovely evening, such stars, I find so much consolation in the stars. The big dipper, Cassiopia's chair and—what a charming chair you have here. (Gets up and starts toward it.) Its lines are perfect, I imagine it is very durable and—

Polly—Oh, Mr. Hollander, won't you please tell me more about tennis? (Very sweetly.) I think you were perfectly lovely

to take such pains to tell me all about it; most people wouldn't bother.

Ralph—Until I met you this evening, I never realized there was an old-fashioned girl left in this world.

(Enter Ronald Summers.)

Ronny—Good evening, Miss Montgomery, I believe we have this dance. (Ralph stands.)

Polly—I quite forgot, Mr. Summers—oh, Mr. Hollander, Mr. Ronald Summers. (The men acknowledge the introduction and Hollander backs away from the group.)

Ralph—I'll see if I may be of service elsewhere, I shall see you later, Miss Montgomery.

Polly—I shall be delighted. (Exit Hollander.)

(Silence in which Polly and Ronny look at each other, then both burst into peals of laughter.)

Ronny—Your mother explained, and I've come to keep you company; imagine your asking anybody, especially *that*, for tennis information.

Polly—I can't explain it all, but the most difficult part is listening to that man monologue about— (Voices in distance, she stops short.) Ronny, are you a Boy Scout?

Ronny—I'm anything and everything and you don't need to say "Be Prepared"—I am, for anything.

Polly—(Grinning.) Get behind that davenport, if I need you I'll yell—no one is going to sit on that chair. (Ronny dives behind the davenport and Polly sits on it.) Hello. (As a group of people saunter through the conservatory to the garden. She notices each one closely until past the chair.)

(Enter Mrs. Allen, a plump matron.)

Mrs. A.—Polly dear, how lovely to find you all alone, we can have a cozy chat. (Ronny's head appears above the davenport but Mrs. A.'s back is turned to him. He shakes his head very vigorously no.)

Polly—No! I mean yes, of course, won't you be seated, Mrs. Allen?

Mrs. A.—Thank you, dear child, you're as unchanged, Polly, just the same little girl. (Noise as Ronny sits down—Polly hastily sinks to her knees and rubs one leg.)

Polly—What a bump!

Mrs. A.—What did you do, Polly; you really must be more careful.

Polly—(With extra moaning.) I'm trying to be! —Do sit down, Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. A.—Thank you, I'll sit over here, I dislike soft chairs.

Polly—Oh, don't do that, I mean, I really wish you—shall we go for some punch, Mrs. Allen? I'm thirsty.

Mrs. A. (Looking at her inquiringly.)—Yes, of course. (Polly looks at the davenport and goes out with Mrs. A. She makes a face at Ronny as she goes.)

(Ronny tiptoes from his hiding place, stands looking at the chair then hides as he hears footsteps approaching.) Enter Polly.

Polly—Ronny, (Ronny's head appears.) I can't stand this much longer. Every person that comes in here I have to watch and I'm tired of it. (She walks over to the chair and addresses it.) And you're the cause of it. (Ronny starts to laugh.)

Ronny—if you want a remedy, let me suggest one.

Polly (Impatiently.)—Well?

Ronny (He goes to chair, lifts it in his hands, carries it to a corner and completely covers it with greenery.) There's the end of the cause.

Polly—But mother?

Ronny—She's the only one we have to look out for; you stand at that door and I'll stand at this one, keep your eyes glued to the door—promise?

Polly—Great, I do! (Goes to door, Ronny goes to his.) Silence.

Ronny (Without looking at Polly.)—Don't say "I do" like that, Polly.

Polly—Why? (She is still facing door but has come back a few steps.)

Ronny—Because— (He backs a few steps.)

It reminds me of something. (Backs some more.)

Polly—What Ronny? (She backs.)

Ronny—Are you watching? (Backing.)

Polly—Yes. (Backing.) Reminds you of what, Ronny? (They meet.)

Ronny (Softly)—Don't you know?

Polly—I'm not sure, Ronny. (Their hands meet.)

Ronny—I love you. (Polly turns to him.)

Polly—And I love (as she turns, Mrs. Allen enters.)

Mrs. A.—Is that why you acted so strangely? Your mother will be here soon (exits).

Polly—Mother! (Ronny dashes to corner, pulls chair to original position and when Mrs. M. enters, Ronny and Polly are sitting gazing at the chair.)

Mrs. M.—Happy, dears? (Glances at chair and without any more words departs.)

(Appears again around door.) I'll give you the chair as a wedding present. (Disappears.)

(Ronny and Polly look at each other. Polly picks up a cushion and throws it at the chair which falls down.

Polly—That's that!

Ronny—(as he kisses her) And that's that!

—Curtain—

On Carrying Bundles

Ruth O'Reilly, '31

Of the many phases of bundle-carrying, I shall treat but one, that of embarrassing bundles. Of course, nothing could give a young man of the advanced age of twelve years more pleasure than to take his father's suit to the tailor's. But let it be his sister's dress and the situation is quite the reverse.

When the package is wrapped securely and is all-concealing, it gives the bearer a feeling of superiority over his fellow men, for he alone knows its contents. But let the package show its contents. For instance, displaying the verdant tops of celery or the tall heels of sister's slippers, and it becomes mentally painful to carry.

It is so much easier to bear the indignities of carrying bundles if one is accompanied by a friend. His moral support enables the sufferer to adopt an unconcerned air about carrying father's shoes to the shoe-maker.

The many-times recounted episode of the lady who dropped her basket of oranges on the busy street is the source of much unkind laughter. And I know. That misfortune once occurred to me. Happily, I was accompanied by a friend and by her presence was

enabled to feign high amusement and nonchalance.

At first undecided as to whether we should pick up the scattered fruit or scornfully pass them by, we were aided by kindhearted passersby in retrieving the oranges. To complete the ludicrous picture, both my friend and I carried armfuls of miscellaneous packages and were very occupied in balancing oranges on the way home.

When one has occasion to borrow or return a masquerade costume, that of the beggar-woman or tramp, for instance, why does that especially supercilious acquaintance appear on the street and choose that particular day to stop for a nice, friendly chat and remark, "Oh, you are going to the cleaner's perhaps?"

It is worth no amount of persuasion to get the younger brother to call for an article of his sister's clothing at the dressmaker's or to buy some cold-cream for her at the drug-store. It involves too much risk of detection by his own friends.

The staid business man will decline to carry the groceries if he can, just as readily as the small boy—and why? We all love our dignity.

Chant of the Jungle

Archie F. Willgoose, '31

Boredom drove Arnold Bentley to Africa. Two years before, Oliver Bentley had died leaving his son the sole heir to more than a million dollars. The young gentleman, as is characteristic of the age of twenty-five, was not satisfied with the excitement England had to offer. Now that he had a million dollars at his disposal, life seemed more dull than ever. From the time of his inheritance until he left England, he spent his time avoiding ambitious mothers with their marriageable daughters. Then for two years he travelled—from London to Paris, from Paris to Cairo, from Cairo to Shanghai—always in search of something new, something exciting. However, he was doomed to disappointment, for everything seemed commonplace to his jaded gaze. His attempts to avoid the too well-worn travelling routes were in vain. No matter how isolated the spot, he always found the inevitable American millionaire tourist there ahead of him. So finally, after two years, we find him in the little jungle town of Winshire in South Africa, a town much frequented by big game hunters. Bentley had decided to try his luck at shooting lions. If he received no thrill from this sport, he would be satisfied that adventure and romance were but inventions of authors, and that the cinema lied. Upon arriving at Winshire, he bathed and proceeded to the dining room of the one hotel that the town boasted. A native orchestra playing American jazz soon drove him out into the night. It was a beautiful evening, remarkably cool after the terrific heat of the day. The air was heavy with the perfume of myriads of jungle flowers, and through a swaying palm, one might glimpse the full moon rising in a sapphire sky. This night the jungle moon seemed as highly individual as is the jungle itself. With its light purple hue it is coldly beautiful with a trace of hidden treachery. Quietness reigned supreme

only broken occasionally by the whine of the orchestra or the chattering of a monkey. Such silence seemed incredulous when one imagined the thousands of creeping things prowling about in that vegetation. However, all this beauty and allurement was lost to Bentley. He had quickened his pace in order sooner to leave behind him the screaming of the orchestra.

Bentley had been walking for half an hour before he suddenly realized that he was alone in the jungle at night without a weapon of any sort. For a moment a thrill passed through him, the first he had felt since he had finished school; but he soon realized that a large animal would not dare venture so near the town. He continued along the path that had been cut into the thicket for about two miles by hunters, seeing nothing but a few monkeys that scolded down at him for invading their sanctuary, and innumerable birds with colorful plumage. Suddenly the young Englishman stopped short and listened. The breeze had carried to his ear a vague, uncertain sound somewhat resembling the beat of a drum. Shrugging his shoulders, he continued a little farther, thinking the sound had come from the town. However, he had not gone many steps before the sound became more clear, and Arnold Bentley was not long interpreting that sound. It was undoubtedly the beat of tom-toms. This was not so alarming, as there were quite a few tribes living near the town who were partially civilized, and not in the least harmful. Knowing this, Bentley turned and was starting back towards the hotel, when another sound reached his ears, the cry of a woman for help. A moment only he stood there, then recovering his composure he started off to his left, from which direction the cry had reached him. As he fought his way through the undergrowth, his

pulses throbbed, and the fact that he was not more than a mile or so from town never entered his head. He rushed on, absurdly happy that he might attempt an act of chivalry in this age when men allowed women to stand in street cars. The never-changing, ever-monotonous beat of the tom-toms filled his head. It seemed that each beat scoffed at him, challenged him to arrive in time. The under-growth reached out detaining arms, and the brambles left smirches of red on his hands and face. It seemed that the whole jungle intervened. However, the frantic screams urged him on. Hours later he arrived, or so it seemed to his feverish brain; however, to be exact, it was precisely eight minutes after he had heard the first scream. Suddenly he came upon an opening in the thicket. He stopped abruptly, awed by the astounding sight that met his vision. In the center of the opening a huge fire was crackling, casting fantastic shadows in its vicinity. Around that fire danced creatures—creatures weird, fantastic, grotesque beyond description. Men of huge stature, their naked backs glistening in the firelight, monstrously savage heads with ugly, unscrupulous mouths uttering blood-curdling yells—all this the young Englishman saw at a glance. For a moment he stood petrified watching the savages hopping madly about—not unlike the dancers at the hotel, he thought—and then he saw the object of their irenzy. On a large slab of rough stone a woman lay bound, a beautiful woman with terrified blue eyes, blond hair, and carmine lips which were quivering with fear. The sight of her caused young Bentley's heart to leap violently, and the sight of an immense savage towering over her swinging a crude club dangerously near her blond head caused cold perspiration to stand out on his forehead. Then, heedless of caution, and armed with only a stout stick, he rushed out into the midst of that seething, insane mass.

“Where the devil are you going?”

If that woman's cry in the wilderness had

been startling, this left him gasping. Arnold Bentley pinched himself viciously on the arm to determine whether or not he was dreaming, then convinced that he was still awake he slowly turned in the direction of the voice. At first he was entirely bewildered, but slowly a light dawned on him. The following day, Arnold Bentley sailed for England, convinced that chivalry was dead. An infinity of scratches on his arms and face refused to allow him to forget his embarrassment, for what he had seen in the jungle had been a battery of moving picture cameras, and an irate director lacking a sense of humor.

* * * * *

MOONLIGHT ON MY FAVORITE LAKE

Laurent Dubois, '31

After the simple supper of fried trout and bacon, coffee and 'twist' and cream cheese, we wash up the dishes and stroll down to the canoe landing on the pale silvery lake. The full blue moon is high above the scintillating shores. The mountains on the horizon and the neighboring hills form a black silhouette against the pale starlit sky. On the nearby hills, lone sentinel pines stand bravely up and face the legions of the night. The lake shores are undisturbed by a ripple, except where slow, undulating wavelets stream out and distort the moon's silver reflection as a bat swoops to pick a fly from the surface. A bullfrog, disturbed by our presence, grumbles sleepily in the silence. A bat squeaks. We feel a shadow glide by us, and a screech owl drifts by on noiseless wings, eyeing us inquisitively. He swoops by several times to examine us well. The weird bark of a fox floats out on the deep forest on the other side of the lake. Something flashes high above us; we gaze upward; a shooting star blazing forth into the night. . . where did that star come from? A tiny piece of matter hurtling through space, striking our atmosphere, to burst into flame and blaze brightly for its short span of life and again to pass into oblivion.

All of those multitudinous stars, shining brightly or dimly, as varies the distance from us, seem like the thousands of human beings in the world, who, to us, mean more or less as they are closer or farther away from us.

The peaceful quiet of the scene, the drowsy motion of the clouds as they glide past the moon, tend to make one forget that there is any hard work in stuffy offices, and schools, with hard hearted bosses, and teachers making one toe the mark and not giving one a

chance to dream and speculate upon the interesting things of life.

Oh, to live a free life and get away from the city streets with all the noise and smoke and furor. To be free and live a quiet and peaceful life in the city of nature and the streets of contentment!

We return to camp through the deepening shadows of the forest and enter the cabin to drift off into slumber and dream of moonlit lake shores.

Small Town Events

Shirley Amsden, '32

After all those long tedious days of looking for work, Janie at last found it where she least expected, in the small country town of Raymond, New Hampshire, as the night switch-board operator. "It will be amusing, at least," she confided to herself, "listening to all those old hicks talk."

April the first was her first night there and at five-thirty she relieved the day operator of her task. She settled the mouth and earphone apparatus comfortably and wondered whether or not people in this small town would remember or even know that it was April Fools' Day.

At just this time in an old and well-weathered farm house two or three miles away, an old couple were excitedly getting things ready in preparation for leaving on a spree to the movies, to which they rarely went and which were open only on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Gran'pop Taplin, as he was called by the youngsters of the village, had come in from the fields early and was struggling to strop his best razor. Gran'maw was getting supper ready, bustling and scurrying about the big old-fashioned kitchen, setting out dishes for two on a table covered with a red-checked cloth.

Gran'pop and Gran'maw Taplin had had a big family, but every one had married and

gone off to the city to make good, so after their family had left them and they wanted company, the Taplins had decided to get a pet of some kind. Gran'pop had wanted a dog, Gran'maw a parrot, both were good-natured, but neither would give in, so they compromised. A dog and a parrot were fetched. Of course Flopsy, the parrot, could talk so as to keep Gran'maw company in the day times. But Mopsy, the dog, was not to be out-done by a parrot, so Gran'pop emphatically stated, and Mopsy was shown tricks. And much to the delight of the children who often brought over eggs to swap for "swedes" or potatoes, Mopsy and Flopsy had one clever trick that they could do together.

This night Gran'pop scrubbed shiningly clean, had come down to supper, and said to Gran'maw, "Well, I 'clare to goodness, Maw, I don't b'lieve we'd better go to the movies tonight, you ain't ready yerself yet."

Gran'maw was up in arms.

"What? After I've worked and slaved gittin' supper ready early—." But suddenly she saw a little twinkle in Gran'pop's blue eyes. Turning she looked at the calendar published by Raymond's one dry-goods store, and there it said Wednesday, April first. Gran'maw read aloud, "April first, April Fool." Then they both laughed. Flopsy on the alert yelled, "April first, April Fool."

Seven o'clock came, Gran'pop went out to the barn and started their fliver. Gran'maw hurried out. Together they went rattling, bouncing, and squeaking over the hard rutted clay road to town at the breath-taking speed of twenty miles an hour.

Half past nine, almost quarter of ten, and Jamie was drowsing in her stiff little chair by the switch-board.

"The village gossips haven't been at work tonight," she thought to herself, "only two calls since seven." Then suddenly she awoke from her reverie. A little red light in the far corner of the board blinked vigorously. She plugged in, "Number please?" She listened intently. A funny rattly sound came over the wire, a bang as though something heavy had fallen, a howl and suddenly a hoarse cry, "Fire, Fire." She plugged into the fire station. A sleepy voice answered. "A fire," she cried, "on Epping Road, quick get to it."

A clang of fire bells woke the sleepy town. The movies were just getting out. Gran'pop rushed out to the fliver. He was just like a little boy tonight. He wanted to follow the engine. Gran'maw stood talking to one of her neighbors, and finally they all piled into the

ford. They bounced from side to side trying to keep in view the red tail-light of the engine. Suddenly far ahead of them the engine stopped. "Gran'pop, it's our house, ours," Gran'maw sobbed.

They stopped with a jerk, the fliver gave a quivering, panting sigh.

Gran'pop and Gran'maw followed the firemen up the steps.

Just as they were about to open the door, there came a cry from the kitchen, "Fire, Fire," then in a voice that sounded something like Gran'maw's "Aprul first, Aprul Fool." Asking the firemen in, she told them this story:—

"You see, Mopsy and Flopsy have a trick that they can do together.

Mopsy jumps up on this high stand next the wall that has the telephone book on it, and pushes off the receiver of the phone on the wall just above. Then Flopsy perches on Mopsy's back and screams into the phone.

"I hear we have a new operator on the line. If Mehetabel had been here, she would have known all the time," concluded Gran'maw. And she and Gran'pop fondly scolded their pets.

A Garden Friend

Thomas Allen, '32

Suddenly, while I was seated in my beautiful garden, filled with flowers of all varieties, I perceived what appeared to be a large insect. Upon close observation, it turned out to be a tiny humming bird, going from one flower to another, plunging its long, slender bill deep down into the blossoms to secure the sweet nectar contained there. This beautiful and rare bird is only slightly over three inches in length, and only a little larger than a darning needle.

While watching this interesting bird, like a flash of an iridescent jewel, it remained in the air without moving, only the tiny gauze-like

wings were beating the air with a very rapid speed barely perceivable to the eye. Then it would unexpectedly whirr off and disappear into a large tiger lily which completely obscured it from view. After visiting several of these, the humming bird perched on a dead twig of a bush and remained motionless for several minutes. People have usually associated this bird as being constantly on the wing, but from my observance he was only thus when in search of honey or food for its young. The upper parts were feathered in glistening green with metallic-like tints of purple and blue upon the wings and tail. The

wonderful ruby throat stood out against the duller colors on its breast.

I particularly noticed that the bird loved the honeysuckles in preference to the numerous other flowers. In my garden was a large honeysuckle vine that twined in and out through a lattice. This attracted Mr. Ruby throat and he dived his long bill deep into the tenacles of the long tubed flower. When he reappeared, he would remain beating the air with his wings which gave forth a resonant hum suggesting the motive power of a machine rather than that of a bird. Ruby would then dart into another one and keep on repeating this performance, going forward and then back again. The voice of the humming bird resembled a sharp squeak like a metallic contact, unlike the usual bird note.

After many pains in a thorough search for the tiny nest of this delightful feathered companion, it was found in a young maple tree. At first it looked like a small speck of grey but upon closer observance it was seen to be built on a small branch, astride the limb as a saddle on a horse. The nest was composed of the scales of the spruce-buds along with a mixture of moss and a downy material not unlike that of the dandelion. The structure was not more than an inch high and was very loose in fixture. Inside were two perfectly spotless white eggs of very small dimensions, the size of a pea bean.

After the young ones had left the nest, upon examination it was found that the mother bird had enlarged the nest. She probably did this as the fledglings grew, so as to render them further protection. Soon after they had left their temporary home they were frequently seen among the flowers, the younger ones quite the same in color as the female. As it is very hard for one to approach this bird, one could not believe that it might become a rare specie, for the women used to ornament their hats with the wings of these graceful and beautiful birds, which are the smallest in the feathered world.

I am thankful to know that this practice has been discontinued for otherwise we would soon have seen the last of these specimens and they would have gone the way of the wild pigeon and praire hen which now are extinct.

* * * * *

A SEA BALLAD

Aaron Loomis, '31

An Irish sailor bound for home
(His name was John McGinty)
Was captured by some sailing thieves
Whose leader was one Dinty.

John McGinty and this man,
By some queer turn of fate,
Became real soon the best of friends
And often sat up late

To plan and talk of ways to capture
Unsuspecting ships;
The method which they used was this,
As I heard it from their lips.

When the lookout saw a sail,
'Twas usually just afore dark,
The helmsman swung the ship around
And they soon o'erhauled the bark.

The captain of the pirate band,
Disguised in every way,
Would leap upon the rail and cry,
"We have news today!"

The other ship began to slow,
The eager crew to group
Around the rail where Dinty stood,
Prepared to spring his coup.

Then he yelled, "Have at 'em, boys!"
And from his ship they swarmed,
Until their rivals were all killed
Or tied on deck, disarmed.

Then carefully, from bow to stern,
He looked for stores of wealth
While long and loud and lustily
His crew drank to his health.

Forewarned

Edith Wildman, '31

OLD Peter Hotaling trusted no one; not even his aged house-keeper who had cared for his house for thirty years. For forty years, he had lived in his brown stone mansion on Schuyler Drive. By many, he was considered eccentric.

Every night after his few servants had retired, he personally saw that each window was locked and he bolted every door. He started in the servant's quarters down-stairs and finished in his own room.

On this particular night, Peter had reached his library in his nightly round of precaution. He carefully locked the two massive windows, shuddering involuntarily at the sound of the strong March wind blowing outside. Next, he turned his attention to the safe. He knew it was locked, but he spun the dial again just to be sure that his many papers and documents were all right.

As he turned to leave his library, the telephone shrilled. Peter regarded it impatiently. "I won't answer it; probably isn't for me," he muttered. But the telephone rang persistently, and, grinding his heel in the thick rug, he turned to the phone.

"Hello!" he growled as he sank into his leather chair.

"Is this Ten Eyck 8186?" queried a soft voice.

"What was that? Speak louder," commanded Peter.

"Is this Ten Eyck 8186?" repeated the voice. "You must excuse me for talking in such a low tone. I dare not speak louder."

"Well, what is it," snapped Peter.

"I must tell you that your house is to be robbed tonight," sighed the voice.

"What!" roared Peter. "You're crazy! How do you know?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell," went on the voice. "Today you were given the Bouck emeralds by Warren Bouck, Jr., of Watervliet. He came

from Watervliet this morning and gave you the emeralds to be re-set for his bride.

Now Peter was a well known expert of emeralds. From the Atlantic to the Pacific and even in foreign countries, one immediately thought of the name of Peter Hotaling when emeralds were mentioned. When Peter heard that someone else besides young Bouck and himself knew of the priceless emeralds, his jaw dropped.

"But—but how did—did you know?" he gasped.

"Aha! It is your business to examine emeralds to see if they are genuine. It is my business to know when you have them for examination."

By this time Peter was on his guard. "Can you get them?" he asked, cunningly now. "Do you know where they are?"

"Why, of course I do," came the faintly surprised answer.

"Can you get them? If they were in a box, could you open it? If they were in a safe, do you know the combination?"

"Of course! If I didn't, I could not tell you of your intended robbery and I would have no need to call you."

"Then you had to call me?" demanded Peter.

"Yes, I thought it best; then the shock of finding them gone would not be so great. What are you going to tell Warren Bouck? The Bouck emeralds have been in the family for over three hundred years, and now—?"

"What do you mean, 'What am I going to tell Warren Bouck'?"

"Why, tell him that the emeralds are gone!"

"Young man, or young woman," he added after a second's thought, "do you think that I believe you? I do not. However, you seem to know a great deal about my business. Do you know that every night I personally lock and bolt my doors and windows and that I have my safes made with a special combination

lock?" asked Peter with great dignity.

"Ah, yes," admitted the voice. "It is true. But I must stay no longer. I have done my duty; I have warned you. Good night and good luck when you have to explain to Bouck!" And Peter heard a faint mocking laugh as a receiver was clicked in place.

For a few minutes, Peter sat silently in the big chair. "They were only trying to scare me," he told himself. "Yet, how did they know of the emeralds? I wonder who"—suddenly he stopped his musing and snatched the telephone.

"Operator, operator! Who called me just then? Please trace the call. This is Ten Eyck 8186."

"Ten Eyck 8186? Mr. Peter Hotaling?" came the query after a moments pause. "It was Ten Eyck 8186 who called."

"But—but," blustered Peter, "that is my number!"

"Yes, so it is, but you have an extension, haven't you?" and the operator hung up.

For a moment, Peter looked dazed. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and dashed up the stairs with a surprising agility for a man of his age.

"The extension in my room!" he cried as he ran along the corridor to his room. "What a fool I was! The call was made here in this very house and there I sat like a fool wondering who—!"

He had reached his room and he flung open wide the door. A breath of cold spring air greeted him as he switched on the light. He stood rooted to the floor; the faint mocking laugh ringing in his ears. The window was open. The door of the heavy safe that stood in the alcove next to his bed was open and the emeralds were—gone!

The Benefactor

Mary Willett, '33

Hiram Perkins, as far as everyone in the old country village was concerned, had never been young. There was no person in the village who could remember when Hiram had been a boy romping in the woods and swimming in the old swimming hole.

He lived on a small farm with his venerable wife, Hannah. It was customary for Hiram to travel once every two weeks to a nearby town to sell his vegetables to the public market of that place.

On a certain morning, in the early spring, Hiram was seen, by his few neighbors, starting out with his cart, at the usual time. His old mare walked at a very slow pace, and the cart was piled high with vegetables. Hiram, himself, was busily smoking an old corn cob pipe. His ancient straw hat was tipped back on his head, and his glasses barely clung to one ear. His overalls were patched here and there, in one place with a piece of Hannah's

old summer dress, and in another place with part of an old table runner.

"Giddap, Molly," shouted Hiram, and on they went at a faster pace.

Since that time, fall had come and things were in a bad way at the Perkin's. During the summer there had been a terrible drought, and all their crops had been ruined. As Hiram did not have the material to do any other work, money was scarce. Hannah had tried her best by making patch work quilts, but it was a slow job and nobody at those times could afford to buy them, no matter how low the price was.

One morning Hiram and Hannah were seated at the breakfast table talking things over.

"I cal'late, Hannah, things ought to be coming pretty well our way, in the near future. It's about time the Lord took pity on us young ones, instead of going ag'in us all the time," Hiram said in a low tone.

"Well, I don't know," responded Hannah. "Things have been mighty bad and if something doesn't show up soon, you and I will be good for nothing. Kin ya think o' that, Hiram Perkins? Yes, that's what I say, good for nothing."

A knocking at the door interrupted their conversation and Hiram rose, aching from rheumatism, to answer the knock.

"Wonder who this kin be," he mumbled.

He reached the door and opened it not too willingly.

"Is this the house of Mr. Hiram Perkins?" asked a man.

"That's me, Hiram Perkins, himself. Well, whacha want? Don't stand there, looking at me like a ninny goose. Be on yer duty. Whacha want?"

"Here's a telegram for you, sir. Do you want me to wait?"

"No, thanks, be on yer way." Hiram stood with the telegram in his trembling hand. He was a bit excited, as telegrams were rare things in that part of the country, and so, he was unintentionally hasty.

He quickly opened the telegram and glanced at it. It did not seem to disturb him much; instead there was a mysterious twinkle in his eyes.

"Who came?" asked Hannah as Hiram re-entered the room.

"A man came with this," he said as he handed the telegram to Hannah.

"THOMAS PERKINS, DEAD," she read. "Well, it's a good thing. It's about time the old meany was put out of the world. That's one good thing the Lord has done, anyway."

Thomas Perkins had been a very rich cousin of Hiram's, and he had lived in a distant city.

He had been a very haughty man, and had looked down upon Hiram and his wife. Never once during bad seasons, or any other time for that matter, had he offered to help him.

"Do you suppose he left us any money?" asked Hiram.

"'Course not, silly. He's never paid any

attention to us, and has never cared for us. Why should he think of us in his will?"

"Well, I just thought he might," answered Hiram.

But, when the will was filed in court, Hiram and Hannah Perkins were not mentioned in it.

Of course, Hiram was greatly disappointed, and moreover, greatly bothered when Hannah kept saying, "I told ya so. I told ya so. That just goes to show a woman's right once in her life, Hiram Perkins."

Things were getting worse in the Perkins' household, when one morning in late summer, Hiram arose very much excited. He wabbled into Hannah's room, and interrupted her deep slumber.

"Look out of the window, Hannah," he cried excitedly. "Quick."

Hannah looked, and lo and behold! Sure enough, rain! The much needed rain had come at last.

"Oh, Hiram, how wonderful! Now, at last we can have a fresh start," she said.

"But we haven't any money to buy seeds with," said Hiram.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Hannah. "The other night, when I was in the cellar, I came across two packages of seeds, 'way back on the highest shelf. I didn't say anything about them to you at the time, because I knew you would try to plant them, and then we would be lost forever, as they could not possibly grow."

"You don't mean to say there are some seeds in this very house," said Hiram, breathlessly. "Where are they?"

"On the top shelf in the pantry," answered Hannah.

Away went Hiram in search of the seeds, while Hannah knelt in thankful prayer.

In a few days the rain had completely stopped, and Hiram began to make plans about having fresh, different land plowed for a garden.

The following day, he hitched the mare to the old plow, and began work, as he hummed

"The Blue Danube." He had gone up and down the field two or three times, when all at once his plow unearthed a small tin box. Very much excited, he took it in to Hannah.

"Why, Hiram Perkins," she cried, "do you know what this is? This is Uncle Jasper's old tin box, that everybody has been searching for since he died. Open it quickly!"

Hiram tried, but the lock would not yield. He was about to give up in despair when Hannah said, "Here, try this skeleton key. P'rhaps that will open it."

He did, and sure enough the box opened. Inside were some old papers, and one paper among them was of great value, as it was the will of Uncle Jasper. Neither Hiram nor

Hannah could read very well, and the writing was so faded, that they were not able to understand it.

The next day the neighbors saw Hiram and Hannah hitch up the buggy and start off bright and early to the nearest town where there was a court.

A few days later, Hannah received a letter saying that she and Hiram were sole heirs to the estate of Jasper Perkins, valued at fifty thousand dollars.

As Hiram ran after the smelling salts for Hannah, he muttered to himself, "The Lord has done more than his share, for two such unworthy people as we."

* * * * *
Dan, the Strategist

Neal Jacobs, '33

"How long do you think it will be before we run out of gas?" queried Hal.

"All depends on how far we're going," was Dan's sarcastic reply.

"Let's go down to Coon's Hollow."

"Naw, I don't want to go swimming today."

"How about some fishing down at Melvin's Brook?"

"Nope."

"What's the matter with you today, anyhow?"

"I know what we'll do. Turn Jennie around and head her for home."

"After about two minutes of silence, Hal, exasperated at Dan's not telling him what he intended to do, finally sputtered, "What ARE you going to do?"

"All right, I'll tell you. You know that piece of ground behind our house that my mother said she wanted for a flower garden? Gramps says there's hidden treasure there."

"Aw, quit your kiddin'. Do you expect me to swallow that?"

"All right, don't believe me. Here's the house now. I'll get Gramps, and he'll tell you whether I'm spoofing or not."

Dan jumped out of the car, and sprinted up the walk to the veranda where Gramps

sat leisurely enjoying his afternoon pipe. Hal didn't know whether to follow Dan or not. At last, making up his mind, he opened the door, or rather, untied the string that was fastened to the faint semblance of approach of that decrepit old vehicle. He ambled up to the veranda, and dragged a chair over to where Dan was relating to Gramps the reason for his impromptu arrival.

"Say, Mr. Saunders, you aren't going to tell me that there is buried treasure around this end of the Cape? I had never heard of that before."

"Why," exclaimed Gramps, "I thought everybody around these parts knew that. My father knew a man who had a treasure map of this whole section. Just about all the pirates used to cache their treasure here. As I said, this person who had the map, dug up nearly all the treasure. I believe his name was Van-er-Vanderbilt, that's it. And according to that map, one of the places he didn't get around to was right here in our back yard."

"How do you know that that is one of the places?" asked Hal, still doubting the authenticity of all this.

"Why, I've seen the map with my own eyes, and it was written so right on it."

"How come nobody's been there before and dug it up?"

"Well-er-well you see, I just thought that I'd keep it a secret till Dan grew up. I told him not to dig it up unless I gave him permission, and he has faithfully kept his word. But now I think he can go out and dig it up if he wants to."

"Want to?" shrieked Dan. "I'll say I do."

Hal, completely convinced that this was "straight goods", apologized. "Dan, I take it all back. Let's get some shovels and start digging."

"O, I might tell you," advised Gramps, "the stuff isn't hid more than a foot and a half from the top of the ground according to the map."

"All right, come on, Hal. It's getting towards four o'clock. Let's get going."

They got their shovels from the tool shed and started in digging, as Dan directed. After doing this back-breaking exercise for about an hour, Hal, exhausted, muttered, "There isn't any treasure around here. I think your grandfather was just spoofin'."

"O, No! No! He isn't the kind of a person to pull a trick like that."

"All right, I'll stay for another half hour, and if we don't find anything then, I'll know that there is something wrong in Copenhagen."

"Aw say, you wouldn't leave a fellow in the lurch like that, would you?"

"Never mind what I'd do," Hal retorted as he resumed digging.

Just about five minutes before Hal's half hour was up, Mrs. Saunders, noticing Dan out in the backyard, shouted through the window, "Have you started to spade up the ground for my flower bed, yet?"

When Mrs. Saunders said that, a light dawned upon Hal. Dan looked guiltily around at him, and as Hal advanced, Dan began to walk fast. Dan broke into a run. Hal also quickened his pace. Dan began to flee in earnest, and with Hal streaking after him we

must leave our two "treasure hunters" as, one fleeing, and the other pursuing, they disappear behind some sand dunes, where the road takes a sharp twist.

* * * * *

ON SLAMMING DOORS

Curtis M. Clark, '31

The slamming of a door is a method of expressing one's self which qualifies with all humans. Down through the ages from the first annals of medieval history to the present time, a door closed with correct emphasis presents a bristling warning to keep out, the effectiveness depending upon the intensity of the slam.

If one delves into the subject with sufficient energy, it will be discovered that each individual slam has its own interpretation or expression, ranging from those of ill-fortune to those of anger.

The mere shutting of a door is regarded as a most natural thing in the progress of life, but what a difference if one takes notice of the echoing result. Sometimes, it presents an unmistakable invitation to follow and explore. This is called the "curiosity touch," and cannot be attained by practice; it is done only by those entirely unconscious of the effect to be produced.

Another distinct type may be pictured in the slam which will make a change in one's every day existence. This is labeled as the "fateful" slam, and is easily recognized although usual by unwillingly and sorrowfully; the clang of a cell door, besides jarring one's nerves horribly, produces just such a sense of despondency to one who is not used to it. Close to this comes the slam of the rude uncaring person—the person whose entrance into a home is immediately recognized because of this careless habit. One must have a reason to slam doors as well as one should have reasons to do other things; and if one does it without such, it is just because he knows no better.

Of course, there is the protective type of

slam. This is a most harmless class, and should be excused even in the best of society. Such might be the harsh closing of a door by a habitual night-flyer, who, although he delights in a three o'clock entrance of the homestead, never is sober or awake enough to close the door with a thoughtful gentility, but slams it to be sure that the night-lock catches. You know how it is at that time of night.

Last of all, comes the most freely utilized and the most expressive slam. This type carbons your spirit and dislodges the teeth; and may always be recognized thus. Therefore, it is considered by most critics as the most expressive and effective, and has been limited to the relieving of wholesome unadulterated, burning temper. Some intelligent person is always trying to invent a more satisfactory way of relieving anger, but in the end, they all look for a likely door, and W-H-A-M! If there happens to be two doors, so much the better. If three, yours is the ideal home!

The original builder of our homestead evidently had this in mind, for he included just such a system in the plans. In passing from the kitchen to the out of doors by the rear entrance, three hardy doors were installed. The first opens into the kitchen. Evidently, it was

put in to exclude the cold winter air. The second opens into the back room from off of the rear stairway. This was included for a double purpose—a protection against both burglars and draughts. Then from the back room to fresh air is the third and mightiest. This is loosely hung and difficult to close; being installed for the sole purpose of protection. Thus is the system: 1 door—draughts; 2 door—draughts and burglars; 3 door—burglars. But I saw through this scheme, and fully appreciated the originality and humanity of the architect. For, what could be more simple? 1 door sent a dignified echo through the downstairs section; 2 door shot a descriptive echo up the rear stairs to those above; and 3 door spread the news to the out of doors with a wheezing bang! What satisfaction to be able to spread the news in such a simple but potent manner!

Ending with this characteristic slam, I have described in detail all the distinct types of door slams. Of course, there are slight variations and combinations, but with sufficient analysis, these may be readily recognized. Why not try one or two of them sometime, if you haven't all ready!

* * * * *

Billing's Ghost

Laurent Dubois, '31

"Wal, sir, ef you want to hear a good spook story, jest you listen here." It was old Grandpa Billings who spoke. He lived in an old rambling farm house in Vermont. There were many rooms in the old house and from the outside it looked as if there should be more. There were tall, majestic elms shading the yard and house. Three barns were sprawled out beyond the farmhouse. Inside, a broad maple staircase led to the upper story.

He continued, "Wal, my Gran'paw used to have fits in which he us'd to go to sleep and sleep for a month at a time, more'r less. In

his later life he hadn't many o' these fits. In fact, up to the time I'm telling you about, he had not had one for nigh on ten years. My paw had sort o' forgot about him havin' them fits, and one day my paw took ma and the rest of the family of young uns and went for a visit to relations in N'Yawk State.

"Wal, sir, my Grandpaw died then, when we were in N'Yawk, and as the hired girl we had didn't know anything about him, she sent us a letter and had him put in the cold room out back of the cellar. We got the letter about two weeks late 'cause there was some mixup with the mail, them not knowin' our

names. We hurried right home to bury Grandpaw for fear he might spoil. Wall, sir, when we got back, it turned up cold and we decided we couldn't bury him then 'cause the ground was froze. The hired girl told us that his last words had been to tell us to read the will soon as possible.

"Wall, when we got home, it was ten o'clock, one o' them blustery nights, so we sent for the lawyer down at the next house. It was near twelve when we set down to hear the reading o' the will, jest about two weeks and three days from the time he died. Jest as the lawyer started opening the papers, there was a reverberatin' rumble and a rusty squeakin' from down below in the cellar. What with the wind outdoors and the rattlin' of the blinds, it sure was kind o' skeery. The will fell from the lawyer's hands and he turned pale and I guess everyone else did, too. I know that my hair nearly shot up through the ceiling and I crawled behind my ma. My pa and my uncle jumped up and stood by their chairs. The hired girl came with a screech out o' her room and j'ined us in the room. Pretty soon paw got up enough courage to tell the folks it was all right and to go on with the readin' of the will. The timid lawyer stopped chattering his teeth and picked up the will. Jus' then there was a clangin' sound and steps began to come along as though someone was walkin' along the passage. The hired girl screamed and ma yelled something about ghosts. The noise stopped again and in a few minutes the sound of rattlin' teeth stopped too, and the lawyer leaned over to pick up the will he had dropped. No sooner had he touched the paper than footsteps sounded from the kitchen and plodded slowly on towards the front of the house. Everyone was froze still with fear, 'specially the lawyer. Then there was a rattlin' of the door knob. Paw made a dash for the door that led to the kitchen and turned that key in the lock. The handle of

the door turned, but the door did not budge. The steps turned slowly away and plodded to the other door. Nobody moved. We jest set there. The knob turned, the lawyer started gibberin' and his jaw was going' up and down like a pump handle. Uncle Ezra was gulpin' like a bloated frog and paw looked like he'd bust holdin' his breath. I was so scared I was petrified and I set in my chair with my eyes about a foot past my nose.

"Then a hollow voice came from behind the door. 'Open, open—OPEN!' and then a deep sigh. We jest set there staring at the door handle, slowly turning. The door creaked slowly open, and there in the opening stood Grandpaw, he who had been dead for two weeks. "Wal, he wasn't dead at all; it had jest been one o' them fits o' his."

* * * * *

STILL LIFE

Ruth O'Reiley, '31

They stand like motionless dancers,
Those still, dead trees
Decked in drab gowns,
Old withered leaves.

They wait but the sound of music—
The first warm thrill of spring's
Life-giving gladness
To release these cold dead things.

* * * * *

NIGHTFALL

Kenneth Steadman, '31

From my hilltop I gaze at coming night.
The sun sinks lower; a purple haze suffuses
all;
And from the sea a cool breeze springs laden
with dampness.
Clouds, just now burning gold, change as the
sun goes down.
Far above, one star twinkles, then two, then
three;
And then silently myriads spring forth.
Softly, swiftly, the mantle of night settles
down.



THE ADVOCATE

HAROLD FRANCIS QUINLAN

Date of birth—October 31, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.



*"But come what will
I've sworn it still
I'll ne'er be melancholy."*

"Squeakie" has been our faithful president this year, has calmed our disputes and brought peace, but his heavy duties have not prevented his taking part in athletics and other school activities. "Squeakie" has also shown his ability for good work on the football eleven, which he captained this year, and also on the hockey and wrestling teams. His plans for next year are as yet indefinite, but wherever he goes or whatever he does our good wishes go with him.

Football 1, 3, 4. Hockey 2, 4. Glee Club 2, 3. Student Council 4. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Picture Committee. President 4.

ROBERT BAKER GILPATRICK

Date of birth—January 4, 1913

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

"Hail fellow, well met."

"Ty" is the sort of person one can not help liking. His consistent good nature and his happy-go-lucky smile have won him numerous friends. He has been very successful in sports, especially on the football and baseball teams, the latter of which he is captain of this year. "Ty" will attend a preparatory school next year, and we feel that he will be an asset wherever he goes. Best wishes, "Ty"!

Baseball 2, 3, 4. (Capt. 4) Football 3, 4. Hockey 4. Glee Club 4. Student Council 4 (Vice Pres.) Senior Prom Committee. Sophomore Dance Committee. Vice President 4. Class Gift Committee.



CURTIS RAYMOND LOW

Date of birth—August 2, 1912

Place of birth—Roslindale, Mass.

"A face with gladness overspread."



"Curt" is a very likeable human being. Throughout High School he has been successful socially, athletically, and scholastically. He is also mechanically inclined, and recently built a power boat which he will use this summer. Truly a versatile lad! "Curt" will attend a preparatory school next year, and we wish him every success.

Football 3, 4. Student Council 4. Prom Committee 3, 4. Treasurer 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELINOR LOUISE STURTEVANT

Date of birth—March 26, 1913

Place of birth—Bangor, Maine

*"The steady force of will whereby
Her flexible grace seems sweeter."*

Everyone knows "Stury" as one of the "up and coming" members of our class, and as a hard working and efficient Advocate Editor. For four years she has been our faithful class secretary and a ready volunteer for committees and hard work of all kinds. "Stury" intends to go to Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education next year, where we know they will enjoy her beaming countenance as much as we have.

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Soccer 3. Hockey 2, 3, 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. (Secretary 3) Sophomore Dance Committee. Prom Committee 3, 4. Advocate 1, 3, 4. Secretary 2, 3, 4. Cheer Leader 4.



YEAR BOOK

**BEATRICE HELEN ACKROYD****Date of birth—October 3, 1913****Place of birth—Needham, Mass.***"A life that leads melodious days."*

Townspeople, as well as we lucky ones at school, have at some time seen "Bea" display her remarkable dancing ability. She is very modest about it, and all her friends know her to be a sincere companion and willing to participate in any of their activities. Next year "Bea" is going to New York where she will continue her dancing.

Glee Club 1.**WILLIAM E. ALDEN****Date of birth—July 26, 1912****Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.***"And love of man I bear."*

We all recognize "Billy" by that certain something in his walk and also that laugh which shows just how good natured he is. We understand that he is partial to Biology and very much concerned about goldfish and their ailments. Perhaps some day he will earn the position as Miss Gates' assistant.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Hockey 2. Glee Club 2, 3, 4.**LOIS REATA BEECH****Date of birth—July 26, 1913****Place of birth—Needham Heights, Mass.***"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."*

Lois, as we all know who are acquainted with her, is really two girls in one. There's the Lois who writes delightful stories and draws skillfully, but there's also the practical Lois who has decided to train for nursing at the Mass. General Hospital. We're sure that a person in whom the imaginative and dependable are thus combined will get along well anywhere.

Baseball 2. Soccer 3. Hockey 4. Glee Club 1. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 4. Gym Meet Committee 4.**JEANETTE BIRKETT****Date of birth—November 25, 1912****Place of birth—Wollaston, Mass.***"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace."*

Where would the hockey team have been without Jeanette as its captain? Not only did she make the All-Boston team, but she led N. H. S. through one of its most successful hockey seasons. In the fall "Net" will journey to Troy to begin her Physical Education course at Russell Sage. Won't she make a great gym teacher? Anyway, we wouldn't mind being in her class.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2. Glee Club 1. Student Council 4. Senior Play. Sophomore Dance Committee. Prom Committee 3, 4. Member of Advocate 4. Sophomore Ring Committee. Orchestra 2. Gym Meet Committee 1.*Page thirty-five*

THE ADVOCATE



THEODORE IRVING BLACKMAN

Date of birth—August 13, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"He that has patience, may compass anything."

"Ted" seems to some of us to be very quiet, but those who know him are of the opinion that he is a very jolly fellow. He takes a great interest in sports and showed the results of his training during the football season. "Ted's" pleasing disposition will help in making him a promising man.

Football 4. Ice Hockey 4.

NATALIE BOSWORTH

Date of birth—April 24, 1913

Place of birth—Arlington, Mass.

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

Everybody knows "Nat" and the unceasing, capable work she does for the Advocate. What will the Advocate do next year without its favorite business manager? "Nat" will probably go to Simmons College next fall. Wherever she goes, "Nat" will be a success, because of her friendliness, social brilliance, and diligence.

Hockey 2, 3. Soccer 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Senior Play Committee, Student Council 4. Prom Committee 3, 4. Advocate 3, 4. Gym Meet Committee 1, 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee.



MILDRED BOND

Date of birth—March 7, 1914

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold."*

We always like to have "Ponzi" around and what fun it is to hear her tell about the funny things she is forever running into. "Ponzi" has participated in numerous sports and has been our faithful side center in basketball. She is very clever in typewriting and ought to make a good secretary.

Hockey 3, 4. Basketball 4. Prom Committee 3, 4. Picture Committee. Member of Advocate 3. Sophomore Ring Committee. Senior Play Committee.



LINDA ALMA BOND

Date of birth—July 4, 1912

Place of birth—Brookline, Mass.

"Concealed talent brings no reputation."

"Lindy" is a very friendly and sociable member of the class with a cheerful smile for everyone. If anyone ever wants to know any of the latest, he may consult "Lindy" as she is the official N. H. S. news bureau. Next year she is going to some secretarial school, and our wishes for success go with her.

Glee Club 1. Senior Prom Committee.





ARTHUR HORACE BUCKNAM, JR.

Date of birth—December 7, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"The cold neutrality of an impartial judge."

Arthur is very much interested in Nature—especially in birds. He also seems to know more about the Bible than most of us, which reminds us to tell you that next year he is going to Aurora College, Illinois, to study for the ministry. We all wish him much success.

Glee Club 4. Senior Play.

DOROTHY NADINE BURTON

Date of birth—April 15, 1913

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb."*

"Dot" has been one of the outstanding members of our class in the field of art. Her guidance for our decorations for Proms has won our class as well as herself much praise. She will no doubt go to Art school where we know she'll be a great success.

Basketball 4. Hockey 4. Track 2, 3. Soccer 1, 2, 3. Volley Ball 3.
Senior Play. Prom Committee 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee.
Advocate 4.



ROBERT FRANCIS CASSIDY

Date of birth—March 18, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"He'll find a way."

"Bob" is a quiet, good-natured sort of person. We have never seen him angry,—what more may be said? He has our very best wishes for future success.



RUTH NORMA CHAMBERS

Date of birth—May 13, 1912

Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

"Contentment is natural wealth."

Norma is well-known for her sparkling brown eyes and smile. She is very good in typing and quietly efficient in everything else. She is always ready to assist anyone. Next year she is going to a secretarial school.

Volley Ball 1, 2. Baseball 2. Glee Club 1, 2.

THE ADVOCATE



SARAH CHIAPPISI

Date of birth—July 12, 1912

Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

"Patience will achieve more than our force."

Sarah's the girl who never seems to have the least hesitation about any of the more complex grammar rules in French. For her, idiom tests hold no horror, and even irregular verb drills are undisrupting. She has chosen Radcliffe as the college in which to add to her "*connaissances du francais*."

Soccer 3. Glee Club 1, 3, 4. Senior Prom Committee.

JOHN EDWARD CLANCY

Date of birth—March 13, 1912

Place of birth—Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"There is no policy like politeness."

John is the fellow who has such wonderful hair. It may rightfully be considered the envy of us all. He is a very humorous lad and a real working member of our class. He and George Hoag are inseparable friends. We shall expect to see him a success in the future.



CURTIS MASON CLARK

Date of birth—May 16, 1914

Place of birth—Medfield, Mass.

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Nothing seems to worry "Curt;" in fact, he is inclined to make us worry with his ever present pranks and remarks. He is the life of many a class, and wherever he is, there is fun. If "Curt" doesn't succeed at Mass. Aggie next year it won't be his fault.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Council 3. Senior Play 4. Prom Committee 3, 4. Picture Committee, Advocate 3. President 3. Sophomore Ring Committee. Senior Play Committee.



GEORGE N. CLARK, JR.

Date of birth—May 27, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Play up, play up, and play the game."

"Smush" is a very popular person about school, but he is forever getting sent to the office as a result of his playful pranks. However, he has a very sunny disposition and should be a success at whatever he decides to make his life work.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4. Senior Prom Committee.



YEAR BOOK



HELEN FARRAND CLEWS

Date of birth—July 12, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Words of truth and soberness."

During her high school course Helen has shown unusual ability and interest in the departments of sewing and cooking, although the greater part of her effort has been spent in studying the business subjects of the school. Next year Helen will continue her preparation for a business career at Burdett's.

Glee Club 1.

ELVA HAZEL COLBURN

Date of birth—December 8, 1913

Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

"Silence often persuades when speaking fails."

Though Elva is quiet and unobtrusive at school, she is very popular, and her reserve and sincerity have won her many friends. Her plans for the future are uncertain, but we all vouch for her success in whatever field she may choose.

Senior Prom Committee.



FLORENCE ISABELLE COLEMAN

Date of birth—May 28, 1913

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

"A full assurance given by looks."

"Flokie" is a most cheerful classmate. Her enthusiasm and sunny disposition always make us feel good. Next year Florence plans to attend the Chandler Secretarial School—and perhaps later become a buyer.

Senior Prom Committee. Sophomore Dance Committee. Advocate 3.
Vice President 1. Sophomore Ring Committee.

EMILY DOROTHEA COLTER

Date of birth—May 5, 1914

Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

*"The shallows murmur
But the deep are silent."*

"Dot" is one of our indispensable, versatile girls. She is an accomplished reader and actress. She is very cheerful and easy-to-get-along-with. Dot is going to the Manchester Business College to take Adding and Billing. There is no doubt that Dot will make a competent adder and biller, but what a shame that all that other talent will be wasted.



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JOHN WILLARD COOKSON

Date of birth—October 14, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

You can depend on a jolly good time when "Tip" is around. He is a corking dancer and he plays on the football, basketball, and baseball teams. "Tips" wit and smile will carry him a long way when he leaves school, just as it has here with us.

Football 4, (Manager) 3. Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Glee Club 2, 3. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee.

DOROTHEA G. CRAWLEY

Date of birth—January 13, 1915

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Few can possess such qualities
Of cheerful ways and friendliness."*

When you hear a funny little giggle you may be sure it will be from "Dot." "Dot" is one of the youngest members of our class and just full of pep and vigor. She has not quite decided where she will go next year, but she hopes eventually to become a gym teacher.

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 4. Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4. Volley Ball 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 1, 3.



MARY ELIZABETH CYLINSKI

Date of birth—November 19, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm."

One hardly ever thinks of Mary without thinking also of her "inseparable"—Mary O'Day. Her sunny disposition is sure to bring her much success in whatever she undertakes. Her plans for the future are indefinite, but we wish you all the success in the world, Mary!

Baseball 1. Volley Ball 2.

FLORENCE ELEANOR DEARING

Date of birth—March 18, 1913

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most would leave undone."*

This young lady has half interest in the "Zarb" and "Snarz," a corporation which meets regularly on the first floor every morning. "Ellie" has great ability for making friends and keeping them. With all her admirable characteristics she ought to be a success at Lesley next year, where she intends to continue her studies.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play.



**MURIEL GERTRUDE DOANE****Date of birth—October 4, 1913****Place of birth—Needham, Mass.***"Joy shared is joy doubled."*

We are all impressed by lively people, but after a while we're glad to see a quiet individual. Muriel is one that would answer the latter description. Muriel has a very easy going disposition which we know will be of help to her in the work which she expects to pursue in the business world.

LAURENT OSCAR DUBOIS**Date of birth—December 13, 1913****Place of birth—Needham, Mass.***"Knowing him is enough."*

"Laury" is a good student, especially in the sciences, but that doesn't seem to help his car up the hills! He plans to spend a year at the University of New Hampshire before joining his classmates at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Best of luck, "Laury"!

**JOHN WILLIAM EAGAN****Date of birth—April 3, 1913****Place of birth—Brockton, Mass.***"Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here."*

We all think that "Johnny" is the best all-round athlete in the Senior Class. He has "brought home the bacon" whether it be in football, hockey, wrestling, or baseball. He must also have a different side to his nature because we hear he has quite a collection of bracelets and beads. We wonder if he intends to continue this line of business as his life work.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Hockey 1, 2, 4. Wrestling 3, 4 (Captain 4). Student Council 4. Senior Prom Committee. Track 4.

**BARBARA EAMES****Date of birth—November 12, 1913****Place of birth—Needham, Mass.***"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."*

We seldom see Barbara without Ruthie or Hindsie, the other two members of the triumvirate. Barbara is extremely interested in dental work. If she carries out her plans to be a Dental Hygienist we know she'll be a great asset to some dentist.

Soccer 1, 2, 3.

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JOY LILLIAN EMERY

Date of birth—December 29, 1913

Place of birth—East Swanzey, N. H.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;
An excellent thing in woman."*

Actions do speak louder than words. Joy is one of the quiet members of our class, but her work in English surely has been outstanding since she came to Needham High two years ago. Joy tells us that she may head for Columbia next year, although her plans for college are still indefinite. We wish you luck anyway, Joy.

DORIS JANETTE ERNST

Date of birth—November 18, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long."

We never hear much from Doris, but we understand she is very clever and original in the field of art, and also apt at typewriting. Next year she plans to work for her father, where we know she will be successful as a stenographer.

Glee Club.



ELSIE FLORENCE EVANS

Date of birth—March 21, 1914

Place of birth—Roslindale, Mass.

*"A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

Who doesn't envy Elsie's ability in French? She is quiet and dignified and has made many friends with her pleasing smile. Elsie decidedly occupies an enviable position in the class. We wish you luck, Elsie, at business school.

Hockey 3, 4. Soccer 1, 2, 3. Volley Ball 3. Glee Club 1. Member of Advocate 4.

IRENE WINIFRED FALL

Date of birth—May 20, 1914

Place of birth—Hyde Park, Mass.

*"High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom."*

Irene, although she appears quiet is very amusing when one knows her; in fact, she can be very noisy with that silly laugh of hers. Irene wants to train to be a nurse next year, and who wouldn't want to be sick if they could have her for an attendant?

Basketball 2.



YEAR BOOK

**RUTH MABEL FARRAND**

Date of birth—November 20, 1912 Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

"Ruthie's" temper never seems to get ruffled. No matter how much cause there is for annoyance, she takes it with a smile and goes serenely on her way. "Ruthie's" plans for next year are indefinite, but she will probably attend some business school. We know her friendly manner will win her great success.

Baseball 2. Soccer 2. Hockey 2. Basketball Manager 4. Senior Play Committee.

MARTIN FRANCIS FAY

Date of birth—July 2, 1912

Place of birth—Salem, Mass.

*"And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back."*

Martin is noted for his unfailing ability to talk at length on all phases of all subjects. At least so it seems to us. In class he always surprises and delights us with his knowledge of worldly affairs. Martin refuses to tell us his plans for next year, but we know that his sense of humor and good nature will win him many friends.

**EILEEN THERESA FERSON**

Date of birth—January 5, 1915

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"She's always at a number of things
She studies and works and works and sings."*

Eileen has about the best disposition in our class. Nobody has ever seen her angry, and she is willing at all times to help her friends in any way that she is able. Eileen never expresses her opinion very much, but we can all be sure that she has a mind of her own.

Hockey 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3. Soccer 2. Volley Ball 2. Glee Club 1.

**RICHARD CHARLES FORTUNE**

Date of birth—February 10, 1914

Place of birth—Barry, Wales

"A decent boldness ever meets with friends."

Much of our class wit is due to "Dick." His amusing remarks never allow a class to become monotonous, and his lively arguments on economic subjects show clear and intelligent thinking. "Dick" will attend Huntington next year, and after that his plans are uncertain, though he hopes to attend Purdue later. Good luck, "Dick"!

Football 4. Basketball 2, 3. Track 3, 4. Hockey Manager 4. Track 3, 4. (Capt.) Glee Club 3, 4. Student Council 4. Senior Play. Senior Play Committee. Prom Committee 3, 4.



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THE ADVOCATE



CELESTINE GABRIELE

Date of birth—May 9, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past."*

If you had to depend on Celestine's word for it, you would never know how efficient she really is. She seems more ashamed of her perseverance than proud. Wherever she is next year, Celestine is guaranteed to push steadily upward.

PHYLLIS MARIE GILFOIL

Date of birth—August 4, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."*

Of course everyone knows "Phyll." She is the star of our class—for she is very talented both as a reader and actress, having delightfully entertained us many times. Next year Phyllis is going to attend Leland Powers. We hope she'll remember us all when she becomes a famous lady.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee.



ROGER WALDO HADLEY

Date of birth—March 18, 1914

Place of birth—Dorchester Mass.

*"A man may fail in duty twice
And the third time may prosper."*

Roger has been bitten by the "airplane bug", and his accomplishments in this line will, no doubt, one day make him famous. Next year he will attend a school of Technology where he will study aeronautical engineering.

Basketball 1, 2.

GLEN HALL

Date of birth—April 13, 1913

Place of birth—Roslindale, Mass.

*"Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fallen in darker ways."*

Glen has not been a pursuer of sports, but when asked to do something for the school he is always very willing. He is usually seen, or better heard, with "Wally" McLaughlin or Joe Hatch. As yet we haven't heard Glen make any definite statement as to what he intends to do, but may the fates be kind to him!

Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Wrestling 3, 4. Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 3.



YEAR BOOK



BLANCHE LOUISE HAMILTON

Date of birth—December 2, 1913 Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with
And pleasant too, to think on."*

"Bonnie" has been a participant in many school affairs. Next year Blanche is planning to be someone's efficient secretary. Although she has never done this kind of work, we know she'll be successful. Blanche has proved to be very efficient in Home Economics.

Baseball 1, 2. Senior Play. Miscellaneous Committee. Gym Meet. Committee 1.

MERRILL HOBART

Date of birth—September 25, 1913 Place of birth—Schenectady, N. Y.

"Apt of word and keen of wit."

Merrill is a very tiny fellow, but he knows how to make himself heard if need be. He takes chemistry and seems to enjoy mixing the chemicals more than most of us do. Good luck, Merrill, in your chosen field!



JOSEPH LOUIS HASENFUS

Date of birth—May 29, 1913 Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"For hope is but the dream of those that wake."

"Joe" is a person of whom everyone is envious because of his blond hair and brown eyes. In football, baseball, and hockey he is well-known for his ability. Next year he plans to attend East Strouds-Teachers' College in Pennsylvania, where he will train to become a boys' athletic coach. Good luck, Joe!

Football 3, 4. Ice Hockey 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Student Council 4. Senior Prom Committee.



ESTELLE MARJORIE HEDGES

Date of birth—October 18, 1914 Place of birth—Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We call it only pretty 'Dolly's' way."

Our "Dolly" is "air-minded." It is her greatest ambition to become an aviatrix and so next year will see her at Howard Seminary where she says she will learn the "ups and downs" of flying. We all wish you much success, "Dolly."

Baseball 1. Card Committee 2.



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BARBARA HERVEY

Date of birth—October 1, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head."

We all admire Barbara for her thoroughness and ability to do things well. Her name regularly appears on the honor roll, and she also plays the piano proficiently. Next year Barbara plans to go to Connecticut College, where we are sure she will continue her good work.

Glee Club 1. Sophomore Dance Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Orchestra 2, 3. Gym Meet Committee 2.

RUTH DOROTHY HILL

Date of birth—March 19, 1914

Place of birth—Framingham, Mass.

*"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes."*

We all remember Ruth's fine work as Mrs. Saunders in the Senior Play. We had never realized before how well she could act. Ruth, with her friendly smile, is always eager to be helpful. She is undecided about next year, but we know she will be successful in whatever she undertakes.

Senior Play.



NATALIE WEYMOUTH HINDS

Date of birth—September 12, 1913 Place of birth—West Bridgewater, Mass.

"As merry as the day is long."

Natalie just loves excitement and amusement, and helps a great deal to enliven things when all seems dull and dreary. Here's hoping that tendency follows her right through Framingham Normal, so that after her graduation her pupils will have the benefit of a teacher who understands the impossibility of being absolutely quiet.

GEORGE WESLEY HOAG

Date of birth—January 30, 1912 Place of birth—Prince Edward Island, Can.

"More life, and fuller, that I want."

George, his Ford, and—well, I won't tell, may be seen driving to school each morning. George plans to work for a year in a local sales shop, after which time he will attend Bentley.



YEAR BOOK



JANET SHERWOOD HODGDON

Date of birth—September 29, 1912

Place of birth—Cambridge, Mass.

*"The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of heaven."*

"Jam" is one of our star athletes this year. She certainly can play well in any sport. For the past two years she has served in the capacity of cheer leader and has led our routing to perfection. Her plans for next year are indefinite.

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Track 1, 2, 3. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Basketball 3. Gym Committee 3.

RICHARD PHELPS HODGDON

Date of birth—June 27, 1909

Place of birth—Cambridge, Mass.

"We would live merrily, merrily."

"Dick" has drawn our posters and illustrated our Advocate many times. This past season he was a very efficient manager of the football team and always did his best to make things run smoothly. He ought to go far because of his ability for doing well and thoroughly whatever he undertakes.

Basketball 1. Football 2, 4. Track 1. Glee Club 2. Student Council 2. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 1, 2, 3, 4. President 2.



RICHARD LAWRENCE HODGMAN

Date of birth—September 19, 1913

Place of birth—Boston, Mass.

*"If aught prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain."*

"Dick" is the sheik of our class. His wit and devilish tricks keep his classmates entertained throughout each day. Nevertheless, we all like "Dick" and shall always remember him for his flashing red hair and friendly spirit. He has chosen Wentworth Institute for his next step.

HELEN PHYLLIS HOLBROOK

Date of birth—June 2, 1918

Place of birth—Millis, Mass.

"A light heart lives long."

We were all glad to welcome Helen back to our class last September. She left us in the middle of the first year to go to Whittier only to return to Needham High to complete her senior year with her class. Helen is always a great asset to any kind of social function and is liked by everyone. She will probably go out west to college. We all join in wishing her success out in the great wide West!

Hockey 4.



THE ADVOCATE



ROBERT JOSEPH HUDDY

Date of birth—March 29, 1914

Place of birth—Roslindale, Mass.

*"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."*

Because of his genial personality, "Bob" is a great favorite with all who know him. He is well known for his ability as an athlete. Next year "Bob" plans to attend Huntington, where his good looks and personality will surely find him many new friends.

MILDRED EVELYN HUNTER

Date of birth—July 7, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Mildred is thoroughly a business woman. She has devoted her time in high school to a study of the clerical subjects. In order to make the most of her abilities, she has decided to add to her knowledge at Chandler's Secretarial School. We hope she'll be just as successful there!

Soccer 1, 2. Baseball 1. Glee Club 1.



ALICE CONSTANCE JENSEN

Date of birth—March 18, 1915

Place of birth—Chelsea, Mass.

"The sweetest girl and too the sweetest maid."

"Babe" is another talented member of our class. She is a very graceful dancer, and her sweet way has made us all love her. Next year Alice plans to attend either some dramatic school or Portia Law School.

Soccer 2, 3. Baseball 2. Glee Club 1. Senior Play. Picture Committee. Basketball 4. Christmas Play 1.

ELEANOR ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Date of birth—June 21, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Industry need not wish."

Many people seem to have the mistaken impression that Eleanor is a quiet, retiring person. How far from the truth that is! To her intimate friends she is known as responsive and sympathetic, with a hidden fondness for poetry. Her collection of poems is one to be read and enjoyed. Since most of her time has been spent in business preparation, Eleanor hopes to go to Chandler's Secretarial School next year.



YEAR BOOK



GEORGE WILLIAM JOHNSON

Date of birth—December 4, 1911

Place of birth—Somerville, Mass.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."

Manual training is the strongest interest which George has in High School as is shown by his excellent work in this line. George will do anything for you and has proved himself reliable in more than one instance. Here's hoping you're successful in your chosen field, George.

Football, Glee Club.

CHARLOTTE WOODILL JONES

Date of birth—August 26, 1912

Place of birth—Springfield, Mass.

"There buds the promise of celestial worth."

Charlotte is a new student in Needham High School this year. Next fall she will go to Bay Path, a business school of Springfield. She will make a diligent private secretary for some lucky business man.



DORIS WOODBURY JONES

Date of birth—November 8, 1913

Place of birth—Newton Centre, Mass.

*"The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books."*

"Jonesy" is one of our most talented young ladies. Who doesn't know of her expert handling of the violin? And she manages to get the very highest of ranks in all her studies. Doris plans to attend Wellesley College next year, where, of course, she will be a great success.

Volley Ball, Soccer, Baseball, Hockey (Manager), Advocate 1, 2, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3.



CHARLES RUSSELL KNIGHT, JR.

Date of birth—November 18, 1913

Place of birth—Portland, Me.

"Perseverance wins success."

"Charlie" is a very individual person, always finding a new way to do things. He seems especially gifted along literary lines, and should be a success at Brown, where he plans to go next year. "Charlie" also makes a very efficient usher.

Senior Prom Committee.



THE ADVOCATE



FRANCIS KNOWLES

Date of birth—July 21, 1913

Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

"The love of liberty with life is given."

If there is anyone that wants to argue, he should see "Jinx" without fail. We continually hear his spontaneous exclamations every day the fifth period in Economics. He is very easy to get along with in spite of that reddish tinge in his hair. Maybe he uses Golden Glint. "Jinx" is also athletically inclined, and we have seen him demonstrate his ability for three years on the basketball court.

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Glee Club 1.

WINTHROP S. KNOX, JR.

Date of birth—October 19, 1913

Place of birth—Milton, Mass.

"And he, he knows a thousand things."

Who could ask for anyone with a more pleasing and sociable disposition than "Wimp" to be a member of our class? Although he has been with us only two years we feel as though he had always been one of us. "Wimp" feels that he needs one more year in which to plan his future, so he is coming back here as a post graduate.

Student Council. Senior Play. Junior Prom Committee. Advocate 4.
Vice President 3.



RUTH MACY LANGDALE

Date of birth—September 2, 1913

Place of birth—Newton, Mass.

"I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world."

Ruth is famous for her infectious giggle, her excellent marks, and Adelaide. She is always trying to overcome her giggle, but what would English IVA be without it? She is going to Boston University next year to become an excellent teacher, perhaps in Needham High School, in years to come. Ruth is universally liked for her own charming personality, her kindness, and sweet disposition.

Soccer 2. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 4.
Date of birth—January 17, 1913 Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.

WILLIAM F. LEACH, JR.

Date of birth—August 31, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

No one could be gloomy with "Billie" around. Besides being the most cheerful member of the class, he is one of the most optimistic. "Billie's" future seems to be more or less of an open book. In the fall he plans to attend Hebron Academy before he starts his course at Bowdoin College. "Billie" has business aspirations.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee. Senior Prom Committee.



**ROGER W. LENNON****Date of birth—May 29, 1914****Place of birth—Windsor, Nova Scotia***"The man of wisdom is the man of years."*

Roger is an unassuming, diligent person. He has been very successful in his studies, as his scholastic record shows, and he has done especially well in bookkeeping. His plans for next year are indefinite, but we wish him success in anything he may undertake.

KATHARINE KIDDER LEWIS**Date of birth—December 18, 1912****Place of birth—Philadelphia, Pa.***"Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."*

We all envy "Kitty" because of her high ranks and the clever work she can do in the line of art. We shall, also, always remember what a fine secretary she made in the Senior Play. "Kitty" is going to be a nurse and we know that she will be a fine one. Good luck!

Glee Club 2, 3. Senior Play. Junior Prom Committee. Gym Meet Committee 4.

**AARON ALCORN LOOMIS****Date of birth—December 17, 1913****Place of birth—Allston, Mass.***"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."*

Aaron, although very quiet and reserved in his actions, is one of the most likeable chaps we know. His blushing smile and stunning clothes win him much admiration. He and "Fred" Mann expect to be the best of pals during the next few years, for they both expect to take one year at Roxbury Latin, then proceed to M. I. T. There is no doubt about Aaron's success!

**Student Council 3. Senior Prom Committee. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.
Treasurer 3.**

**KENNETH JAMES McCULLOCH****Date of birth—October 21, 1912****Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.***"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."*

"Ken" is a star athlete in three major sports: football, baseball, and basket-ball. He was captain of basketball this year. Although he is somewhat shy and bashful, the girls in Chem B feel they have been successful in subduing these characteristics. "Ken's" plans for next year are uncertain, but we wish him the best of success in whatever he undertakes.

Baseball 2, 3, 4. Football 4. Basketball 3, 4. (Captain 4) Glee Club 1, 2, 4. Student Council 4. Senior Prom Committee.



THE ADVOCATE



WALLACE McLAUGHLIN

Date of birth—October 9, 1913

Place of birth—Haverhill, Mass.

"And all I ask is a windy day with white clouds flying."

Who doesn't know "Wally" and his "line?" His whole repertoire seems to consist of ships of one sort or another. His interest on the subject ought to make him a good sailor and perhaps a captain. He will train at Annapolis. Ship Ahoy, "Wally."

BOLISLAW JOSEPH MACIUNSKI

Date of birth—May 27, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Bolislaw's scholastic record is something to be proud of. He has excelled in all his studies, especially in Latin, and we doff our hat to anyone who can excel in Latin. We guarantee his success in anything he may undertake.

Glee Club 1, 2.



HELEN ALICE MAHONEY

Date of birth—June 1, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"She smiles and smiles and will not sigh."

Helen is a girl who always has a smile for everyone no matter how dreary things may look. The old saying "a friend in need is a friend indeed" may well be applied to Helen. Helen is planning to do clerical work next year.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

FREDERIC SHERBURNE MANN

Date of birth—March 12, 1914

Place of birth—Wollaston, Mass.

*"Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng."*

"Fred" excels in many things; namely, good-looks, tennis, track, and scholastic standing. However, "Fred" remains the same good-natured and popular classmate. He plans to attend Roxbury Latin next year, then continue on to M. I. T. The best of luck, "Fred."

Track 2, 3, 4. Tennis 2, 3, 4 (Capt.). Glee Club 3, 4. Senior Play. Sophomore Dance Committee. Prom Committee 3, 4. Picture Committee. Advocate 4.



YEAR BOOK

GORDON KINGSBURY MAY**Date of birth—September 12, 1912****Place of birth—Winchester, Mass.***“Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.”*

Gordon is the quietest member of our class; we hardly know he is around. But then it is nice to have some quiet ones! Gordon has been a very faithful member of the orchestra while he's been in high. He has not decided what he will do next year.

Basketball (Assistant Manager) Glee Club 3, 4. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4.**MORRIS MINKOVITZ****Date of birth—August 25, 1912****Place of birth—Copenhagen, Denmark***“By the works one knows the workman.”*

“Minky” is one of the busiest of persons, forever looking up some reference for his studies. He is very conscientious in all he does as is shown by his good ranks. His determination will always be a great asset to him.

Glee Club 1. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 2.**ROSE MINKOVITZ****Date of birth—August 25, 1912****Place of birth—Copenhagen, Denmark***“She is modest but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold.”*

Athletically excellent and scholastically good, Rose has much to be envied. She is modest and shy, but virtue will out. Rose doesn't know what she will do next year, but we suggest a home, where Rose would shine.

Volley Ball 2.**JAMES GRAY ANDERSON MITCHELL****Date of birth—November 15, 1913****Place of birth—Stoneywood, Scotland***“Knowing him is enough.”*

“Scotty” is one of our best-natured classmates. His smile and cheerful outlook on life brighten up the class-room—to say nothing of his witty remarks. Next year “Scotty” says he is going to an aviation school way out in Oklahoma. Go to it, “Scotty”; the sky's the limit.

Wrestling 3. Glee Club 1. Sophomore Dance Committee. Treas. 1.*Page fifty-three*

THE ADVOCATE



JOSEPH MROCZKA

Date of birth—July 11, 1915

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"There is no difficulty to him who wills."

"Joe" is very quick in action and speech and is well known for his ability to memorize quickly. He is undecided about what he will do next year, but he will certainly put "pep" into whatever he does. We're all rooting for you, "Joe!"

Glee Club 1, 2, 4.

LUCY MURRAY

Date of birth—February 25, 1912

Place of birth—Belmont, Mass.

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Lucy is another quiet and serious member of our class. We know of no one who is more conscientious and has more pluck in all she undertakes than Lucy. She is undecided about her future, but we feel sure that with her fine characteristics she will be a success.

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2. Soccer 1, 2, 3. Basketball 4.



RUTH ANDREWS NASON

Date of birth—October 30, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."*

"Reddie's" popularity is known far and wide. She fairly radiates personality, and when she is absent school seems quite dull. As her flaming-red hair would suggest she is of a gay and vivacious nature, yet having a touch of restraint at the proper time. Throughout her four years at High School, she has been outstanding in athletics, and next year she hopes to attend the Boston School of Physical Education. With her go all our wishes for success.

Hockey 2, 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4. Baseball 1, 2, 3. Soccer 2, 3. Track 1. Glee Club 1, 2. Student Council 2. Sophomore Dance Committee. Prom Committee 3, 4. Advocate 3, 4. Vice President 2. Debating 4.



BARBARA NEWCOMB

Date of birth—December 20, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Few can possess such qualities
Of cheerfulness and friendliness."*

Fortunate are the ones who can number "Snookie" among their friends. "Snookie" is a great nature lover, but she also has an inclination towards business. Next year she will attend the Pierce Secretarial School. All success to you, "Snookie"!

Soccer 1, 2, 3. Junior Prom Committee. Sophomore Dance Committee. Advocate 4. Class Gift Committee.



YEAR BOOK



JAMES FREDERICK NOTMAN

Date of birth—May 28, 1914

Place of birth—Canton, Mass.

“One who never turned his back but marched breast forward.”

“Jimmy” has been a great asset to our class since the lower grades. In classes he seems to have the knack of grasping things easily much to the envy of his fellow classmates. We are all quite envious of the “drags” Jimmy gets with the teachers, but then he has surely proved himself worthy of them.

Hockey 3. Tennis 3. Football 4. Glee Club 1, 2, 3. Advocate 2.

MARY ELIZABETH O’DAY

Date of birth—September 19, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*“He saw her charming but he saw not half
The charm her downcast modesty concealed.”*

Mary is a quiet, cheery young lady whose ready smile should help her immensely in the secretarial work in which she plans to engage when leaving High School.

Glee Club 1.



RUTH ISABEL O'REILLY

Date of birth—November 13, 1913

Place of birth—Cleveland, Ohio

*“A daughter of the gods
Divinely tall and most divinely fair.”*

Ruth is new this year to Needham High School. She came from East Cleveland High School, Cleveland, Ohio. She is interested in golf, and drawing. Next year she will return to the school to take a post-graduate course, and probably, after that, go to an art school.



VELINA PANDOLF

Date of birth—January 17, 1913

Place of birth—Needham Hgts., Mass.

“Speech is great but silence is greater.”

We all know Velina for her big shining eyes and her quiet manner. We don't believe that anyone has ever seen her excited except, perhaps, on very special occasions. She is a very determined young lady and always makes the best of any situation.

Volley Ball 2. Soccer 2. Glee Club 1.



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THE ADVOCATE



GLADYS PERRY

Date of birth—January 14, 1913 Place of birth—Harbordville, Nova Scotia

*"Welcome ever smiles
And farewell goes our sighing."*

"Happy," as her friends call her, appears to be very quiet about school, but we have heard it whispered that she is interested in dancing. Next year she will attend some business school. Good luck, Gladys!

JOSEPH JOHN PLATUKIS

Date of birth—July 14, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Zeal and duty are not slow."

"Joe" is most modest and shy and seems to have a great distaste for the limelight. We understand, however, that he is conscientious and most diligent when he wants to be. We hope he will be successful in whatever he undertakes next year.



ADELAIDE DuBOIS POLAND

Date of birth—February 11, 1914 Place of birth—West Roxbury, Mass.

*"She looks as clear
As morning roses washed with dew."*

Enthusiasm and friendliness are Adelaide's most outstanding characteristics. Her enthusiasm, especially that which is excited by horses, is known to the whole school. According to Adelaide, the stables of Walnut Hill Academy were one of the important factors in her selection of it as the school in which to continue her education. No proof of Adelaide's good-nature, humor, or friendliness need be given. They are recognized by every one who comes in contact with her.

Soccer 1. Glee Club 3, 4.

ELEANOR EARL PRETAT

Date of birth—December 20, 1914

Place of birth—Belmont, Mass.

"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay."

Eleanor's French accent is one of the things we would like to acquire. How she can talk French! Her accomplishments are not limited to this subject alone, however, for she is one of the few of her sex to be exposed to both chemistry and physics in her course. She tells us that she is going to take a P. G. next year—perhaps the new building is the attraction.



YEAR BOOK



ELLEN QUINLAN

Date of birth—May 24, 1914

Place of birth—Boston, Mass.

*“Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong.”*

Ellen is a very cheerful and friendly member of our class. Ellen expects to take a business course at Boston University during the next few years. We know she will make a very pleasant and efficient secretary.

Glee Club 1.

BERTHA ADELINE REDONETT

Date of birth—August 29, 1914

Place of birth—Portland, Maine

*“The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type.”*

Bertha has not always been with our class, but while she has been here she has proved very efficient. It is with great envy her fellow students sit in English class with Bertha. We all enjoy reading her compositions. We haven't heard her state what she plans to do, but we suggest that she be an author.



SUSAN PARKMAN RICHARDS

Date of birth—June 24, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*“And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes.”*

Once "Sue" has made up her mind on any subject, she sticks to her decision and sees the thing through. Just now she has decided to enter Katherine Gibbs' Secretarial School and we surely hope she lives up to her name on that decision. "Sue" has taken active part in hockey and basketball, but her specialty seems to be track. If you find that your calling isn't that of a secretary, why don't you make use of your athletic ability, "Sue"?

Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Gym Meet Committee 3.
Baseball 2. Track 1, 2, 3, 4. Soccer 1. Volley Ball 3. Hockey 2, 3, 4.



ANNA MARGARETHA ROPER

Date of birth—June 10, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*“For thy marvellous gift to cull
From our common life and dull
What soe'er is beautiful.”*

Margaretha, as we all know, is not very noisy. She seems to know her business and goes right ahead doing it. She plans to attend Framingham Normal School next year where her fine record in Domestic Science will help her.



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JAMES EDWARD RUANE

Date of birth—June 26, 1913

Place of birth—Brighton, Mass.

*"Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!"*

All through his years in High School "Red" has been an outstanding catcher on the baseball team. Again and again his dependability has shown itself. He is planning to work next year. Here's hoping he won't be so busy that his skill in baseball is neglected!

HELEN WESTON RUSSELL

Date of birth—July 14, 1912

Place of birth—Fitchburg, Mass.

*"Yet, in earnest or in jest,
Ever keeping truth abreast."*

There is no doubt in our minds why Helen desires to become a teacher. She is an excellent student in English. We all think it a mystery that she can write such interesting stories and express herself so cleverly. She has selected Salem Normal for her training. Good luck, Helen!

Glee Club 4.



PRISCILLA SAWTELLE

Date of birth—November 20, 1912

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"All hearts to her inclining."

Priscilla, much better known as "Pudge," is one of the peppiest members of our class. Besides being a fine student, "Pudge" is also a good athlete and a splendid pianist. She was our captain in basketball this past season, and we know of none better. She expects to major in Physical Education at Connecticut College next year where we know she will be a huge success.

Hockey 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Baseball 2. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Council 4. Senior Play. Sophomore Dance Committee. Senior Prom Committee. Advocate 2, 3, 4. Orchestra 2, 3. Play Committee. Class Gift Committee.



RUTH ESTELLE STANWOOD

Date of birth—January 25, 1914

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Not a vain and cold ideal
Not a poet's dream alone
But a presence warm and real
Seen and felt and known."*

"Ruthie" is noted for her vivacity, blondeness, and athletic ability. She has been an important member of our hockey team during the past four years, and is one of our social lights. "Ruthie" plans to attend Bradford Academy next year.

Glee Club 1. Volley Ball 3. Soccer 1, 2, 3. Hockey. Basketball.



YEAR BOOK



KENNETH A. STEADMAN

Date of birth—June 17, 1913

Place of birth—Emsworth, England

"I am the master of my fate."

"Ken" was a newcomer this year but made himself one of us in a very short time. He had a leading part in our Senior Play and carried it out in a fine manner. In the near future we shall see him at Tech. His cheerful manner will bring him friends.

Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee.

ALOYSIUS J. STEPHENSON

Date of birth—June 17, 1913

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye."*

"Al" is one of our best students. It surely seems good to run across someone who is quiet and going along doing his work efficiently. It is with much envy and amazement we watch "Al" in his school work, which is always good, and then see him as an usher in the theatre. "Al" is sure to succeed in any line he pursues.

Debating Club 4.



HELENE JOAN STEVENS

Date of birth—July 14, 1914

Place of birth—Newton Centre, Mass.

*"Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree."*

Helene has the appearance of being rather quiet, but those who know her will tell you they know of no one more pleasing and friendly. Helene is musical, although she keeps her talent very modestly to herself. She plans to attend Manchester Business School next year. Good luck, Helene!

Glee Club 1.



MARJORIE AUGUSTA STUDLEY

Date of birth—March 9, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Her air, her smile, her motions tell
Of womanly completeness."*

Marjorie is one of the most likeable members of the class with her continuous smile and sunny disposition. She is very efficient, especially in the domestic science department. Next year she is going to attend Framingham Normal School where she will continue her brilliant work in Home Economics.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Advocate 3, 4. Sophomore Dance Committee.

THE ADVOCATE



BLANCHE MARY STUPAK

Date of birth—June 5, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"The songs to Love and Friendship sung."

Blanche is one of the very quiet members of our class. She is undecided about what she will do next year, but we know that the conscientiousness and willingness to help which she has shown here will be sure to help her in whatever she does. Good luck, Blanche!

Volley Ball 2. Soccer 2.

ROBY EUGENE THOMAS

Date of birth—February 14, 1914

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"We are but men: no gods are we."

Roby has a surprising sense of humor considering his apparent reserve and modesty. He has not yet decided what he will do in the future, but we feel that he has the proper material for success. Best wishes, Roby!



JOHN THORPE

Date of birth—June 27, 1914

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"He sees with eyes of manly trust."

Behold! The genius of our class. How many of us sigh and wish we had John's brains. During his stay at N.H.S. he has done much for the school, and last year we should have been without a radio if it had not been for him. We think John's success is already assured.

Senior Play. Advocate 3.

ROSE MARY VELLALI

Date of birth—January 24, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance."*

Rose's bright and sparkling eyes have many times been the envy of less fortunate friends. Rose is always willing to be of assistance to anyone, whether it be in the scholastic field or otherwise.

Volley Ball 2.



**CLARA LOUISE VOORHEES****Date of birth—May 17, 1913****Place of birth—Springfield, Mass.***"But beauty hath its homage still,
And nature holds us still in debt."*

Besides being one of the prettiest girls in our class, Clara has a fine talent for art. She has made a very clever art editor for the *Advocate*. Next year she will attend some art school where we know she will be as popular and successful as she has been here.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Prom Committee 3, 4. Advocate 4.**JOHN WALLACE****Date of birth—March 24, 1913****Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.***"No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free."*

Nobody ever sees "Nig" when he isn't laughing, and it's usually at someone's expense. He is very bright in all his studies and plans to go to Dartmouth next year where his good sportsmanship will bring him to the top.

**Football 1, 2. Baseball 2, 3. Basketball 2. (Manager) 4. Senior Play.
Senior Prom Committee.****PHYLLIS WALTER****Date of birth—August 26, 1913****Place of birth—Hull, Mass.***"A latent fire of soul which lacks
No breath of love to fan it."*

Underclassmen who are having any difficulty with their Latin or French go to Phyllis for help, and they are not at all disappointed because she is always willing to solve their problems. Next year Phyllis thinks that she will go to Simmons to continue her studies.

Hockey 4. Baseball 1. Soccer 1, 2.**IVY LILLIAN WARREN****Date of birth—May 13, 1914****Place of birth—Needham Hts., Mass.***"For larger life and wiser aims
The farmer is her debtor."*

Ivy is vivacious and blond, a dangerous combination. She fairly bubbles over with good humor and wit. She is outstanding in both studies and sports, and we of the Advocate Board fully appreciate her value as a typist. Ivy's love of books has caused her to consider seriously the vocation of a librarian.

Hockey 2, 4. Baseball 1. Basketball 4. Soccer 1, 3. Track 3. Volleyball 3. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Advocate 4. Gym Committee 2.

THE ADVOCATE



WINIFRED ALICE WHITCOMB

Date of birth—June 20, 1913

Place of birth—Boston, Mass.

*"Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings."*

Winifred is a young lady who loves excitement, and furnishes it for other people and for herself with her saxophone. "Winnie" has decided to prepare for a business career at the Katherine Gibbs' Secretarial School, where her ability for making friends will be an asset to her.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

EDITH GERTRUDE WILDMAN

Date of birth—May 13, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away."

Edith is one of our quiet classmates; we even forget she is in class until a question is asked and then Edith is there with the answer. Edith plans now to go to work as a stenographer as soon as she finishes school. We know she'll be very efficient because she has taken subjects to help her and has also had some experience this year.

Soccer 2.



ARCHIE FULTON WILLGOOSE

Date of birth—October 26, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man."

Archie is especially well known for his girlish blush which appears so often in class and over which he has no control. Despite his blush, however, Archie is famous for his literary ability and his willingness to write for the Advocate.

Student Council 1, Senior Prom Committee, Advocate 4, President 4.

Date of birth—April 20, 1913

Place of birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty."*

When we think of Harriet, the name Stella always accompanies it. These two girls are hardly ever seen apart. Harriet is in doubt about next year, but we hope she and Stella will always be such good friends.



**NORMAN FREDERICK WOODRUFF, JR.****Date of birth—December 29, 1913****Place of birth—Brighton, Mass.**

*"For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living."*

"Normie" is another one of our actors, and a very clever one, too. He is always engaged in some type of athletics, where his good-nature and willingness make him a constant favorite. "Normie" is always willing to help when dances come around and does much to make such affairs a success.

Track 3. Baseball 3. Basketball 1, 2, 4. Senior Play. Senior Prom Committee. Senior Play Committee.

STELLA PAULA YURICK**Date of birth—July 19, 1913****Place of birth—Newton Upper Falls, Mass.**

*"For her his rank aside he laid
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own."*

Stella has not been with us all through high, but since she has been here she has been very friendly. Stella is rather undecided whether she will go to school or go to work immediately, but says she'll probably do the latter. We wish you the very best of luck, Stella!

**ARTHUR HARTSHORN****Date of birth—March 24, 1911****Place of birth—Amesbury, Mass.**

"He works his work, I mine."

Manual training and track seem to be the greatest attractions for Arthur. His plans for the future are indefinite but his happy-go-lucky manner should help him climb the ladder to success.

Basketball. Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



SENIOR CLASS REPORTS

Early in February the Seniors elected a committee to choose a class photographer. This committee consisted of Harold Quinlan, Mildred Bond, Alice Jensen, Curtis Clark, and Frederic Mann. After much deliberation they selected the Warren Kay Valentine studio.

With this business out of the way plans are being made for Class Day. The Class Day committee consists of Phyllis Gilfoil, Norman Woodruff, and Dorothy Burton. Robert Gilpatrick, Priscilla Sawtelle, and Barbara Newcomb are to serve on the committee to choose the Senior Class gift.

Every member of the class must pay his dues in order to have his picture in the Advocate.

Respectfully submitted,
ELINOR STURTEVANT,

* * * * *

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

The most important activity of the class was the Junior Prom, which was held Friday, February 13. The decorations, which were very weird, were in keeping with the day.

The following chairmen with their committees worked on the Prom: orchestra, Edward Donald, Jane Burton, and Ernestine Ross; decorations, Eva Church, Helena Marselli, Lloyd Allen; refreshments, Lucian Drury and Robert Rosenkrans; tickets, Robert Gilbert, Barbara Wood, George Parker, Lawrence



Hollis, and Bertha Roissing. The general committee was composed of the class officers.

Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Sawyer, Miss Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Pollard were in the receiving line.

Respectfully submitted,

CHRISTINE STEWART,
Secretary.

* * * * *

SOPHOMORE CLASS REPORT

The second meeting of the Sophomore Class was held in April in the Auditorium. The dues were voted to be fifty cents, and the date of the class dance was set for May 1. The committee for the annual dance was as follows: J. Ryan, J. Lewis, A. Hopson, M. Day, P. Brown, D. Gillis, A. Owens, W. Rowlands, J. Turney, E. Whitaker, E. Casey, C. Fisher, and J. Starkweather.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGUERITE DAY,
Secretary.

* * * * *

Customer: "I don't like the flies in here."

Waiter: "Sorry sir, there'll be some new ones in tomorrow."

* * *

Miss Durgin—"What is the only way farmers can get capital?"

Fay—"Salvation Army."

SENIOR PROM

The Senior Prom took place Friday evening, Jan. 9, in the High School gymnasium. It was the first dance to be held in the new High School building and was a huge success.

The gymnasium was colorfully decorated as a ship. The walls were two shades of blue representing the sky and the water. In the distance such objects as ships, light-houses, and trees could be seen silhouetted against the horizon. There were gracefully hung streamers in corresponding shades of blue.

The Northeastern orchestra, which furnished us with excellent music, was seated in an imaginary life boat.

The elimination dance was won by Norman Woodruff and Louise Cronin, who bore a card with the lucky name "Ark."

During the intermission dainty refreshments were served by white-coated stewards.

The matrons were comfortably seated at one side in colorful deck chairs.

The matrons were Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. Quinlan, Mrs. Sturtevant, Mrs. Low, Miss Matheson, and Miss Gates.

All those who attended agreed that they had enjoyed a delightful evening.

* * * * *

JUNIOR PROM

The most important activity of the class was the Junior Prom, which was held Friday, February 13. The decorations, which were very weird, were in keeping with the day.

The following chairmen with their committees worked on the Prom: orchestra, Edward Donald, Jane Burton and Ernestine Ross; decorations, Eva Church, Helena Marselli, Lloyd Allen; refreshments, Lucien Drury and Robert Rosenkrans; tickets, Robert Gilbert, Barbara Wood, George Parker, Lawrence Hollis, and Bertha Roissing. The general committee was composed of the class officers.

Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Sawyer, Miss Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Pollard were in the receiving line.

SOPHOMORE DANCE

On May 1 the annual Sophomore dance took place in the High School gymnasium. All those who attended can truthfully say that a delightful evening was spent.

The gymnasium was decorated to represent the Arctic regions. Against the walls were hung large colorful penguins and polar bears. The backboards were hidden by faces of Eskimos. White streamers were draped artistically above the dancers' heads, carrying out the effect of coolness of the Arctic country. Excellent music was furnished by the "Harmony Kings." During the intermission refreshments were served. The elimination dance was won by Joseph Hatch and Dolly Hedges. The cards for the dance were tiny hand-cut Eskimos, each bearing a number. The matrons of the evening were Mrs. Pollard, Mrs. Whitaker, Mrs. Brown, Dr. Brown, Miss Currie, and Miss Lewis.

* * * * *

SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

The following pupils were on the Scholastic Honor Roll for both of the last two marking periods, January-April:

Seniors

Natalie Bosworth, Florence Coleman, Elsie Evans, Barbara Hervey, Doris Jones, Katherine Lewis, Barbara Newcomb, Winifred Whitcomb, Blanche Stupak, Edith Wildman.

Juniors

Eunice Burdick, Lucian Drury, Edward Donald, Veronica Weston.

Sophomores

Royal Abbott, Eleanor Caldwell, Barbara Eldridge, Annie Niden, Regis Slade, Eunice Whitaker.

Post Graduate

Harriet Werner.

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THE ADVOCATE

THE DEBATING CLUB

Recently a new project was undertaken in the High School. It was the organizing of a debating club. Although the club has been under way only a few weeks, rapid progress has been made. The club, which is under the capable direction of Mr. Benton, consists of twenty-odd members. It meets each Monday during organization period. The president of the club is Bert Richards, and the secretary is Marjorie Aucock.

The group is made up of teams, one Senior team, three Junior teams, and one Sophomore team. The Senior captain is Ruth Nason. The three Junior captains are Rosenberger, Spencer Johnson, and Eva Edgar, and the Sophomore captain is Eunice Whitaker.

During the first few weeks of May, preliminaries were held among the three classes. The students debated on such topics as resolved: That the Philippine Islands be granted political independence; and resolved: That the United States government should own, operate, and control all railroads.

The winners of these preliminaries presented a debate before the school on May 25. This debate proved very interesting to the student body.

We feel sure that the debating club has made a great start and that its popularity will grow in the coming years.

* * * * *

COMBINED CONCERT

On Friday, May 8, a concert was given in the Senior High School auditorium by the musical clubs of the Needham and Dedham High Schools. The orchestra of the two towns began combining three years ago under the leadership of Miss Berthold, the former Needham instructor, and Mr. Gibb, the Dedham instructor; but not until this occasion had they given any public performance. The combined glee clubs appeared also for the first time.

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The selections were all well known and varied. Three of Mr. Gibb's own compositions were used which made the program more interesting. Helen Choate Ohnemus, concert soprano soloist, contributed two fine groups to the program.

So far the work of the two orchestras has been exceedingly fine, and has been both entertaining and educational for its members and its one audience. It is sincerely hoped that the movement will be continued and become a well established phase of school life in the future. Hitherto our contacts with other schools have been preeminently athletic. They also can and should be cultural.

* * * * *

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

Room 101—January 5

On January 5 Room 101 presented as its program a short sketch of a country school. Miss Sarah Chiappisi presided over the riotous group of young pupils during their brilliant recitations.

Room 103—January 12

The program of Room 103 also represented a country school room, in which the authority of the teacher, Miss Blanche Hamilton, had little weight.

Room 105—January 19

On January 19 a debate, "Resolved: That Capital Punishment be Abolished," was presented by Room 105. Frederic Mann presided as Chairman. The speakers for the affirmative were Ruth Langdale and James Notman, and for the negative, Ruth Nason and Wallace McLaughlin. The negative was chosen winner by the judges, Miss Churchill, Miss Durgin, and Mr. Benton.

Room 107—January 26

Room 107 brought Mr. John Nichol Mark to speak to the school on Robert Burns. Mr. Mark's speech added much to our rather limited knowledge of the famous poet's works and character.

Room 200—February 2

Room 200 presented the thrilling play, "The Gorilla." The program, in verse form, was read by Carol Cobb. The actors were Homer Burr, Ralph Adams, Gilman Andrews, Royal Abbott, Stewart Brant, George Cleaves, and Howard Cole.

Room 201—February 9

On February 9, Mr. Harry Gardner of the State Department of Education spoke on the subject "Teaching as a Vocation."

Room 207—February 16

Room 207 presented a Lincoln program. Neal Jacobs was in charge of the program, and readings were given by Eugene Gordon, Dorothy Gillis, Albert Hopson, and Virginia Howell. Trumpet solos were played by Francis Perry, and a selection on the flute was played by Spencer Johnson.

Room 209—March 2

On March 2, "The Brewing of Brains" was presented by Room 209. The dramatic personae was as follows: The Wise Woman of Fells, Annie Niden; Durlock, a Country Lad, Robert Proctor; Elsbeth, a Country Girl, Marjorie Lunsford.

Room 210, 213, 301—March 9

On March 9, Mr. Louis Williams, a scientist, presented to the school an interesting and exciting scientific program. This program was made possible by Rooms 201, 213, 301, and by the New Century Club.

* * * * *

A NEW BOOK

Eunice Whitaker, '33

*A new book is to me the best
Of all things fresh and new;
The black-typed print just seems to rest
On pages clean as dew.
The covers are both staunch and strong,
And beautiful as well;
They guard the tale from harm or wrong
And, too, the title tell.
And now if you will only look,
There's nothing lovely as a book.*

EXCHANGE

We acknowledge with thanks:—

"*The Abhis*," Abington, Mass. A decidedly compact little magazine with many original features, but all departments could be considerably enlarged.

"*The Sassamon*," Natick, Mass. We congratulate you on your success with your monthly paper. It is very neat and "The Punch Bowl" and your "What's What Contest" increase its attractiveness.

"*The Argus*," Worcester, Mass. A fine paper for a monthly production. Don't you think a few cuts and pictures would improve it?

"*The Red and Black*," Whitman, Mass. A high standard paper with some very clever and original material. Why not add a few cuts and try a compact arrangement of your adds?

"*The Echo*," Holbrook, Mass. Many interesting stories and clever jokes, but why not enlarge your departments? We liked your headings, too.

"*The Voice*," Concord, Mass. A newsy little paper with a neat and compact arrangement.

"*The Mirror*," Waltham, Mass. Yours is a worthy magazine with some commendable literary material, but aren't you rather stingy with your stories? We enjoyed your cartoons and humor.

"*The Philomath*," Framingham, Mass. We enjoyed receiving your magazine. You have a fine alumni and sports department, but may we suggest some more stories and a few cuts?

Arlington, Mass. Your school has ample reason to be proud of such a live magazine.

"*The Parrot*," Rockland, Mass. Your literature is exceedingly good for a little paper, but why not enlarge your other departments?

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Echo," Holbrook, Mass. Your magazine is well managed. The headings on "Sports" and "Humor" are very good. The cartoons are interesting, but why not increase your joke department? The story "The Country Hick" deserves merit, and the poem "The Shore" is exceptional.

"The Sassamon," Natick, Mass. Your paper is great. The Humor section is most amusing. The cuts of the teams and others are fine. The story entitled "The Decision" is very interesting.

* * *

ALUMNI

Frances Oliver, '29, is engaged to Maurice Bragg of Manchester, New Hampshire.

Albert Davis, '30, was in the play "Royal Vagabond," given at Northeastern University.

Barbara Cowdrey, '30, is a member of the orchestra as Lasell. Barbara plays the trombone.

Margaret Notman, '28, was the recipient of the highest possible honor a junior may receive at Wellesley College. The award was the Durant Scholarship.

William Carter, '28, has been elected captain of Northeastern's hockey team for next year.

Helen Crawley, '27 and Simmons' College '31, has received an appointment as an assistant in the chemistry department at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from President H. N. McCracken.

John Whetton, '25, was married to Winifred McAleer, April 17, 1931.

Howard J. Godfrey, '27, and a graduate of Tufts College '31:

"Hank" has been outstanding in extra-curricula activities while at Tufts. He is the holder of the 1882 Scholarship, awarded to the student with the broadest activities combined with high scholastic standing. For four years he has been one of the most dependable players on the Varsity football and baseball teams. "Hank" is a member

of Tau Beta Pi, the national Engineering honorary society, belongs to Tower Cross, the Senior honorary society. Since he was a Sophomore, Mr. Godfrey has been Vice-President of his class and a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. He belongs to the Tufts Student Council and is a member of Delta Tau Fraternity.

Arthur MacGregor, '30, was among the fifteen freshmen recently honored by election to the Cabin and Trail, the governing body of the Dartmouth Outing Club, which is the largest student organization in the college.

June Waldron, '29, was listed on the dean's list at Wheaton, February 20. This list is made up of upper classmen whose rank has been 85 per cent or more for two consecutive semesters.

Alvan S. Ryan, '29, a freshman at Massachusetts Agricultural College, was on the honor list.

Thomas Hadsell, post-graduate of Needham High, has joined the U. S. Marines at San Diego, California.

Eleanor Jarvis, '26, is engaged to Lawrence Newman of New Haven, Connecticut. The young people are planning a June wedding.

Mrs. Peele, the former Catherine Groves, N.H.S. '26, has a baby son, Roger, born Christmas Eve.

Horace Preble, '26, who was married last year and is living in New Jersey now, has a baby daughter.

Elizabeth Kimball, 26, is engaged to Clarence Whiting.

Margaret Rice, '30, and John Woodruff, '29, are married.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard are the proud parents of a baby son. Mrs. Leonard was the former Priscilla Packard, a graduate of N.H.S. in the class of '24.

Malcolm Stratton, '28, of Colby College, '32, was the delegate to the Model League of Nations Assembly, held at Wellesley College the week-end of March 7. Charles Southworth, '28 and Brown College '32, was the delegate from Brown.

RULES IN RHYMES

The deportment of the pupil rises directly as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

In a closely matched checker game between Starkweather and Eagan, the score was tied for the first half. During the first few minutes of play in the third quarter Eddie received a short pass from center, started a wide end run, ducking a right upper cut of the pitcher, he straight-armed the dealer thus taking two men by trumping his partner's ace. Sliding in to second, he dribbled down the floor, scored a basket from placement, striking three times he was out on four personal fouls. Johnnie came to bat, hit a hot grounder to the quarter back, dodged the right guard, gave a left hook to the goalie, skating madly down the ice he slid home while he tackled the fullback, scored a point after touchdown by ringing a basket from left field.

According to Thorpe, the undertaker, the match closed in a tie.

* * *

THE LATIN LESSON

Boyibus kissibus sweet girlorum
Girlibus likibus wanti summorum
Fatherus hearibus sweet kissorum
Kickibus boyibus out of the doorum.

* * * * *

Fortune—"Why is Needham getting more like London?"

Cookson—"You find Fogg wherever you go!"

A GROVE

John Thorpe, '31

Elm trees
The oriole
Shelter in their green maze
Of whispering leaves and bending
Branches.

Like knights
Of old, sturdy,
Upright, tall, and straight, reigns
King of forests, virgin and aged,
The pine.

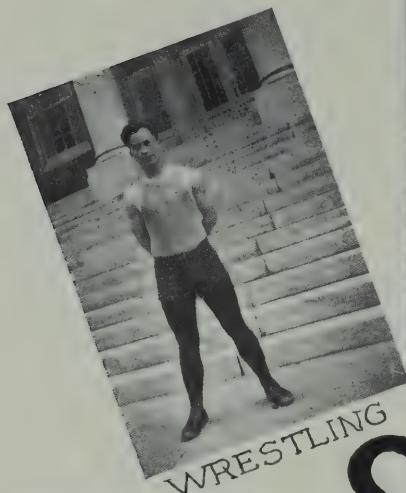
Each oak,
Gnarled and rugged
From conquering tempests,
Resembles an old, wise, learned
Person.

A birch
Is a ray of
White light piercing upward,
Reflected from pieces of smooth
Mica.

Nothing
Tastes so sweet as
The life blood of maples,
Given abundantly in spring
To all.

Open,
Apple tree, your
Secret of beauty to
All those who wonder at
Your beauty.

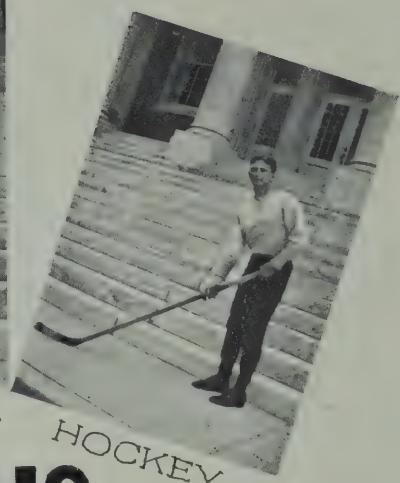
Rising
Before a dark
Sky, but darker by far,
And brimming over with life, is
A spruce.



WRESTLING



BASKETBALL



HOCKEY



FOOTBALL

N.H.S.
SPORTS
1931

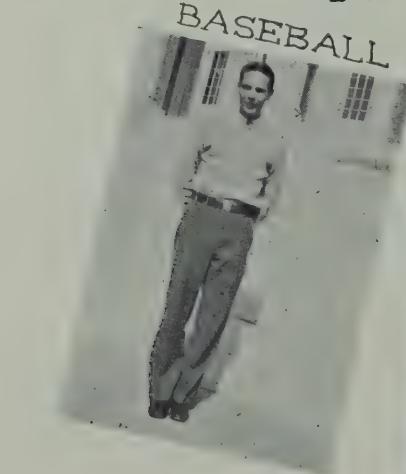
BASEBALL

BASKETBALL

TRACK



HOCKEY



1931

BASKETBALL SEASON

On January 1, Walpole brought a fine team here whose excellent shooting was superior to ours. Stewart, Ruane, and McCulloch did our scoring. We put up a fine game, but lost with a score of 9 to 20.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 14, our faculty played our team. This game was very lively, and, although our first team lost by 14 to 17, the spectators were on edge all through the game. With their coach, Mr. Small, at center, Mr. Frost and Mr. Claxton at guards, and Mr. Benton and Mr. Blanchard at forward, the faculty had a splendid team. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Johnson also played at guard.

Friday night we defeated Milton on our home court, 20-5. This was an important victory for our team.

Then on Wednesday, Walpole defeated us again to the tune of 36 to 17. This was our last game with this team.

Friday evening, January 23, Braintree fell prey to our fast-moving players, who won 26 to 11. In this game McCulloch, our captain, scored four baskets, Cookson scored 5, and

Stewart 2.

January 28 Natick, by far our superior, defeated us 32 to 12. Captain Cristie of Natick, one of the best basket-ball players who has ever played on our court, scored 4 baskets and several free throws. Fay, another excellent Natick player, scored 4, and McCulloch, our player, also scored 4.

January 30, the famous Holliston team, which was undefeated, visited us and left us still undefeated, the score being 26-13. Smith, their right forward, scored 6 baskets.

Wednesday, February 4, our team journeyed to Natick where they again defeated us 23-14.

Friday evening, February 6, we went to Braintree where we had to fight for victory all the way, finally winning 34-32. Cookson and McCulloch both shot 6 baskets which helped to pull us by.

February 11 we won an easy victory over the quintet from Norfolk Agricultural School. The score was 43-5. Cookson scored 8 baskets and our Captain scored 5.

The Needham Faculty scored a tremendous victory over the Norwood teachers on February 18. Mr. Small was "high-man" for Needham, for with the rest of the teams co-operation, he was able to shoot 9 baskets. One successful foul shot brought his total score up to 19. The Needham teachers showed themselves superior in every way, but with more men like coach McBry, the Needham players would surely have found more work to do. The score was 42-8.

On February 20 we played our old rival, Wellesley, here on our courts. This was a well-played and interesting game. It was particularly satisfactory from our standpoint as the score was 24 to 12 in our favor.

On the 27th we played a return game. This was much more exciting, and we finally won in the last part of the last quarter, 19-15. The team was happy at the double victory over our rivals.

On March 9 our faculty played a game with our first team, ending the season in a fine manner. Our team won 29 to 20, but it was "anybody's" game until almost the end, as the score indicates. This game was a fitting close to a season of fine, clean sportsmanship.

* * * * *

HOCKEY

Walpole 2 - - - - - Needham 0

We lost the first hockey game of the season to Walpole on Rosemary Lake. It was a fast, exciting game, and although our forward line was in the opponent's territory practically all the time, lack of practice, and, hence, lack of co-operation caused us to come out on the short end of the score. Our outlook for the season is bright with Captain Hasenfus, Quinlan, and Kimball in forward line and Eagan on defense.



Needham 4 - - - - - Watertown 1

Oh boy, how our team has improved! Our team was far superior and skated rings around the opponents.

Needham 1 - - - - - Norwood 1

Our varsity was superior to Norwood's, but it took the "subs" to score, Kenneth pushing in Parker's rebound from the goalie. Nice defense work by "Eag" and Starkweather protected our goalies, Gilpatrick and Gordon.

Needham 1 - - - - - Milton 0

What a tight game! Both defenses worked to perfection, but finally Kimball broke through and scored unassisted.

Needham 1 - - - - - Wellesley 2

Our team worked much more smoothly than theirs, and in the first period Captain Hasenfus sunk the puck for the first score, then Kimball in rapid succession scored three more goals.

Natick 2 - - - - - Needham 1

Certainly this was one of our fastest and best played games. Kimball, unassisted, scored for us. It should have been an even score, but the judges behind the cage were asleep and didn't see the puck in the cage before it was hooked out.

Needham 3 - - - - - Ipswich 1

Quinlan was the star of this game, making some wonderful passes that resulted in Eagan's scoring two goals and Quinlan one.

Quincy 4 - - - - - Needham 3

We were in the lead, furnished by Captain Hasenfus and Kimball, up to the last two minutes when Quincy scored two wild goals.

Needham 2 - - - - - Newton 0

This was a comparatively easy game for us. Quinlan and Kimball each scored a goal.

We had an enthusiastic team this year and have good prospects for next year in Gordon, Parker, Burr, Webber, Starkweather, Kennett, and Eaton.

FIRST WRESTLING MEET

Needham started off its wrestling season on Wednesday, March 25, by losing a hard-fought meet to the undefeated Watertown team by the small score of 18 to 19. The matches shaped up as follows:

95 Pound Class—"Cagle" Niden (N) took a fall from Andy Devoe (W), with a head chancery and crotch hold in two minutes and twenty seconds.

105 Pound Class—Porlera (W) was handed a decision over "Red" Glidden (N) by the referee after three minutes and thirty seconds.

115 Pound Class—Bob Wardwell (W) downed Gene Walker (N) with a body hold in two minutes and forty seconds.

125 Pound Class—in one of the best bouts of the meet "Gus" Hall (N) took a fall from Carter (W) in one minute, forty-two seconds with a crotch and chancery hold.

135 Pound Class—"Berty" Richards (N)

took the next bout from Jerry Alapapian (W) on a decision.

"Londos" Kalefatis (W) downed Shine (N) with a chancery and body hold in forty seconds.

Carman DeGiso (W) took a fall from Joe Stupak (N) in forty seconds, with a head chancery.

145 Pound Class—Curt Clark (N) downed Morry Hall (W) with a body hold.

Johnny Eagan (N) (Capt.) downed Anestis (W) in six min. 59 sec. crotch hold.

155 Pound Class—Stewart (N) downed Pugliese with a head chancery.

165 Pound Class — Wolahojian (W) downed Whitley (N) in one minute thirty seconds.

175 Pound Class—Mike Pappas (W) (Capt.) won the bout on time from Ed. Starkweather (N).

Blenn (W) who outweighed "Squeak" Quinlan (N) took his bout on decision after a six minutes struggle.



THE ADVOCATE

MEET WITH QUINCY

95 lb. class—Quincy: G. Kubus wins by fall, 5; Needham: Niden, 0.

105 lb. class—Needham: Glidden wins by fall, 5; Quincy: Marco, 0.

125 lb. class—Quincy: Patt wins by fall, 5; Needham: Hall, 0.

145 lb. class—Quincy: Crowly wins by fall, 5; Needham: Shine, 0.

155 lb. class—Needham: Capt. Eagan wins by fall, 5; Quincy: Kuasas, 0.

165 lb. class—Starkweather wins by fall, 5; Quincy: Fuller, 0.

These matches were exceedingly exciting. "Cagle" Niden and "Jackie" Glidden brought forth applause for their fighting spirit. The winning of their bouts by Captain Eagan and Starkweather closed the match in a fine manner.

* * * * *

BASEBALL

Braintree 11—Needham 7

We lost our first encounter of the year, but we feel it is not an ill omen. Our pitchers were a little erratic and the game might have resulted differently if they had had a little more control.

In the sixth inning we were behind by eight points but a home run by Eagan with bases full, and a triple by Hansen overcame part of their lead.

Our line-up consisted of the following: MacLaughlin, c; Stewart, Hasenfus, p; Keris, 1b; Captain Gilpatrick, 2b; Hansen, ss; McCulloch, 3b; Cookson, lf; Eagan, cf; and Woodruff, rf.

Schedule

April 18—Natick—there

April 29—Dedham—here

May 2—Wellesley—there

May 6—Walpole—here
May 9—Natick—here
May 13—Open
May 16—Wellesley—here
May 20—Norwood—there
May 22—Braintree—there
May 27—Walpole—there
May 29—Norwood—here
June 3—Dedham—there

* * * * *

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball teams were fairly successful this season. All games played with outside schools were class games. The Seniors won one game and lost four. The Juniors won three games and lost two. A school varsity team was victorious in a game with the Alumnae. The Interclass tournament was won by the Juniors. The following is a list of the scores:

NATICK

Sophs.—Needham 27	Natick 22
Juniors—Needham 44	Natick 27
Seniors—Needham 15	Natick 13

LEXINGTON

Sophs.—Needham 24	Lexington 12
Juniors—Needham 29	Lexington 17
Seniors—Lexington 21	Needham 11

WELLESLEY

Sophs.—Wellesley 26	Needham 12
Juniors—Wellesley 16	Needham 14
Seniors—Wellesley 33	Needham 6

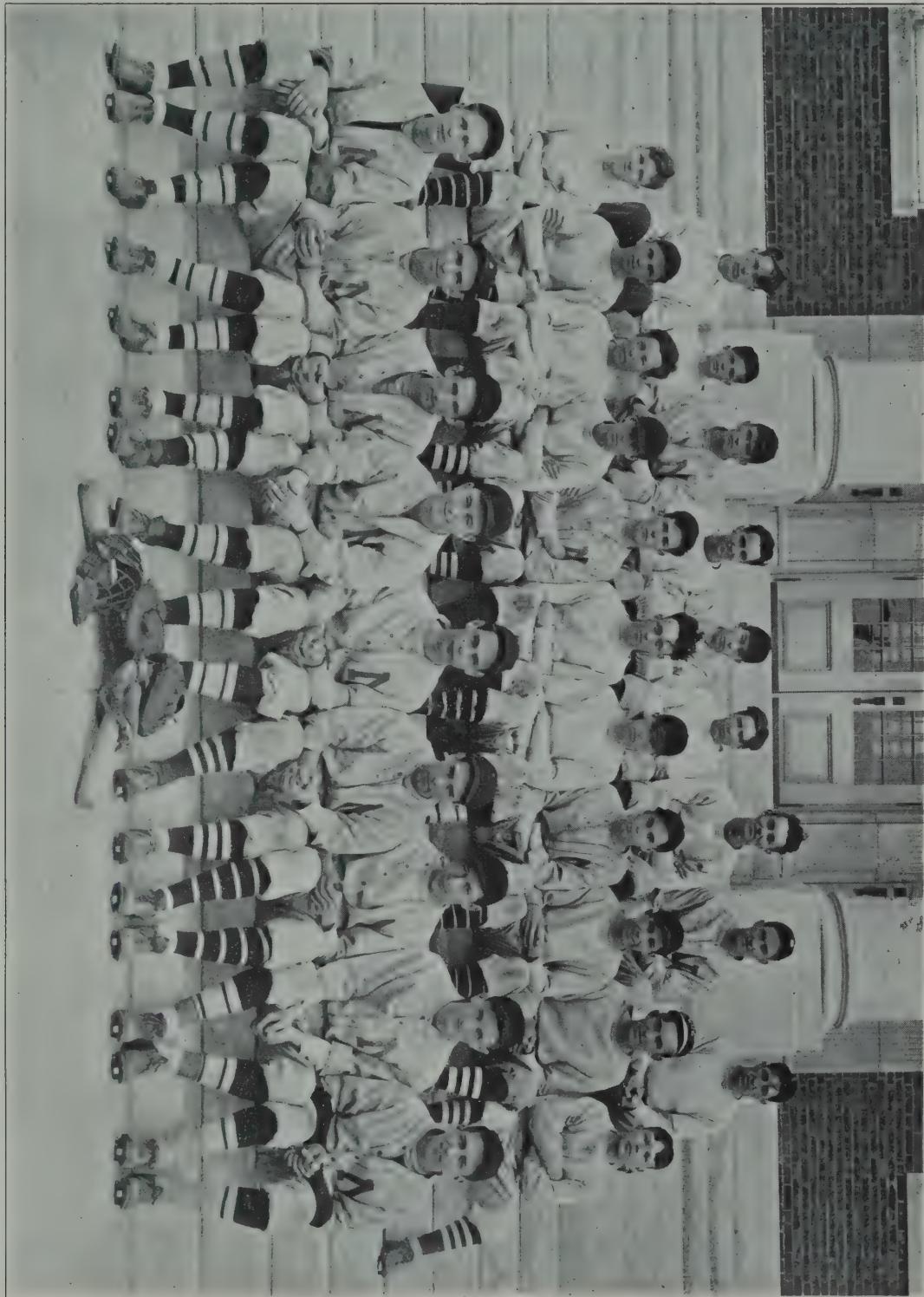
WALTHAM

Sophs.—Needham 33	Waltham 17
Juniors—Needham 27	Waltham 12
Seniors—Waltham 21	Needham 9

NEWTON

Sophs.—Newton 36	Needham 20
Juniors—Newton 38	Needham 25
Seniors—Newton 24	Needham 23

YEAR BOOK



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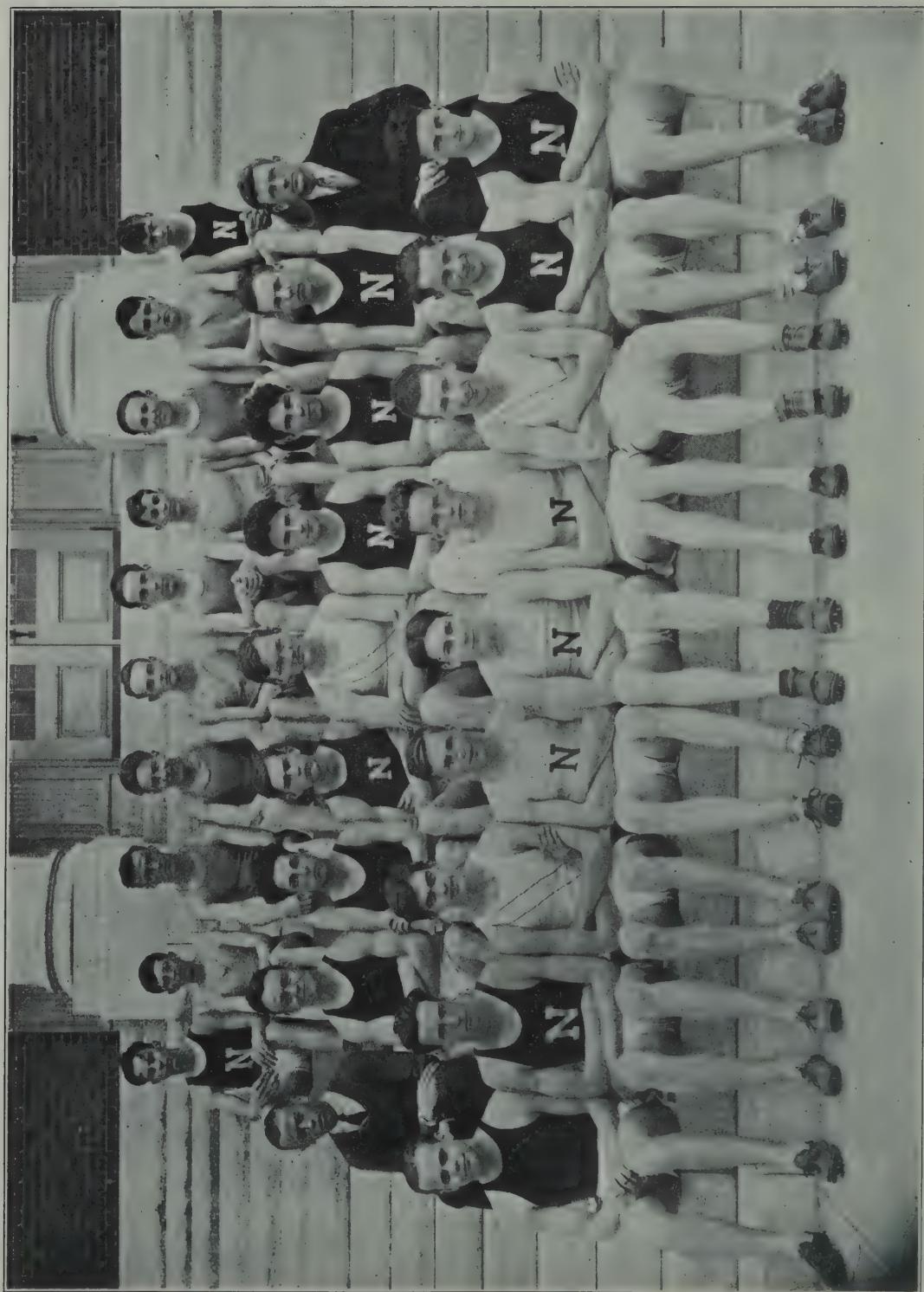
1931



YEAR BOOK



THE ADVOCATE





TRACK

All things point toward a successful season at track this year. With Captain Fortune, Parker and Murphy as our best men, we should make a much better showing than last year.

Captain Fortune, Parker, Murphy, Woodruff, Starkweather, Mann, and Blackman are our lettermen from last season.

We have several more meets scheduled than usual so we look forward to a busy season.

Schedule

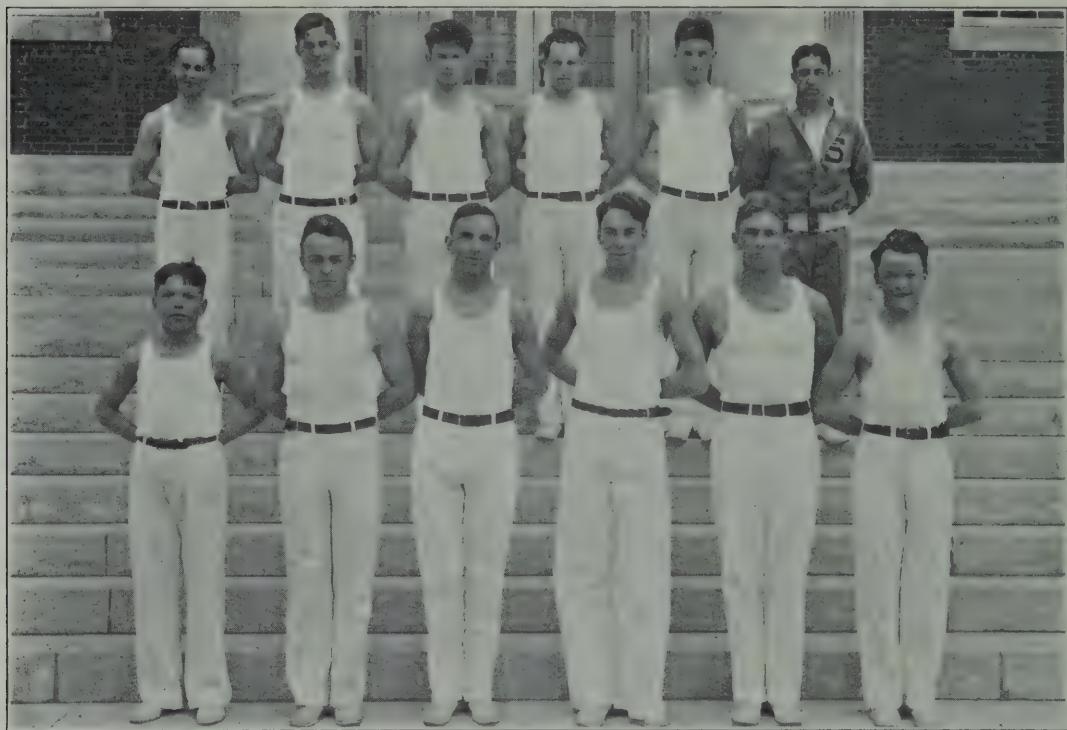
- May 1—Norwood at Needham
- May 9—Interscholastics at Harvard
- May 14—Concord at Needham
- May 19—Milton at Needham
- May 23—Annual Invitation
- May 25—Needham at Wellesley
- May 28—Braintree at Needham

TENNIS

There seems to be no definite reason that in our third year of tennis we should not have as favorable a season this year as for the past two years. More boys reported this year than ever before to Mr. Pollard, our coach. There are only two lettermen with us from last year, Notman and Capt. Mann, but with Clark, Richards, Drury, Steadman, Low, and Johnson, we should have a winning team.

SCHEDULE

- May 6—Wellesley at Needham
- May 8—Needham at Norwood
- May 13—Natick at Needham
- May 15—Needham at Wellesley
- May 20—Norwood at Needham
- May 22—Needham at Natick.



BOYS' GYM EXHIBITION

On Friday evening, March 27, the first boys' gym exhibition was held in our gym.

Group 1 of the meet consisted of a combination gymnastic and athletic drill by a large body of boys. This was done remarkably well, for perfect time and form were kept by the boys.

Group 2 was a model class with 8 groups working on as many different kinds of apparatus.

In Group 3 a special group of well-trained boys who were dressed in white jerseys black belts, white duck pants and white sneakers, consisted of Robert Kimball, John Glidden, George Niden, Edwin Starkweather, John Stewart, Robert Gilbert, Joseph Hasenfus, Kenneth McCulloch, Winthrop Knox, Joel Gould, Harold Quinlan and Eugene Gordon. They did many individual stunts on the horizontal bar. Mr. Claxton, the instructor, and Ed Starkweather did a special duet exercise which won the admiration of the spectators who filled the sidelines.

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Group 4 was a sword dance performed by 7 boys and Mr. Claxton. This added an original touch to the boys' gymnastic work.

Tumbling was group 5 and the boys did remarkably well in form and achievement. This part was done by the special squad.

Lights out, and Mr. Claxton, as the act for group 7, performed with 2 burning torches. The arcs and twists inscribed with flame on the inky background held the audience spellbound who at the end of the performance applauded loudly this fine exhibition.

Two special wrestling bouts proved the ability of the boys under Mr. Claxton's training, for he coaches that sport. This was group 9.

For group 10, the parallel bars were made very high and covered with mats while the special squad of 12 did many stunts which brought thrills and laughter to the audience.

Then five speedily done and extraordinarily well-executed pyramids were built by the special squad, which closed the meet, leaving behind an appreciation of the work of the boys' instructor, Mr. Claxton.



THE GIRLS' GYM MEET

The annual girls' gym meet took place in our gymnasium, April 17, at eight o'clock. The girls put on a fine display of their work before a large appreciative audience. The competition was not so marked with three classes as it has been previously with four, but there were just as much fun and good work. All three classes did gymnastics, apparatus, and relays. Other events were tap and folk dancing, tumbling, deck tennis, a rooster fight, and a game of hit-pin basketball between the Juniors and Seniors, in which the latter won. The outcome of the meet was a surprise: the Juniors were the victors and their points were $70\frac{1}{2}$; the Seniors came next with $66\frac{1}{2}$ points; and the Sophomores were third with $61\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The program was as follows:

1. Entrance March.
2. Fundamental Gymnastics—Juniors and Seniors.
3. Tap Dancing.
4. Marching Tactics — Sophomores and Juniors.
5. Fundamental Gymnastics—Sophomores.
6. Apparatus—All Classes.
7. Danish Folk Dances.
 - a. Napoleon
 - b. Rosalille
 - c. Father Michael
 - d. Paul and his Chickens
8. Marching Tactics—Seniors.
9. Tumbling and Stunts.
10. Competitive Events—All Classes.
 - a. Deck Tennis
 - b. Rooster Fight
11. Relays—All Classes.
 - a. Over and under Relay
 - b. Kangaroo Relay
 - c. Sedan Relay
 - d. Obstacle Relay
12. Hit-Pin Basketball—Juniors vs Seniors.



"INS and OUTS of 1931"

Name	Noted For	Failing	Outcome
Ackroyd, "Bea"	dancing	curly hair	Ackroyd Dennisawn Dancers, Inc.
Beech, Lois	stories	hand-writing	novelist
Birkett, "Jen"	good looks	her nose	artist's model
Blackman, "Ted"	quietness	ambition	gum factory foreman
Bond, Linda	N. H. S. gossip	strength	Chronicle Reporter
Bond, "Ponzie"	brown eyes	independent air	hair-dresser
Bosworth, "Nat"	determination	"The Advocate"	somebody's (?) boss
Bucknum, "Art"	lankiness	math	preacher
Burton, "Dot"	cheerfulness	dish-washing	interior decorator
Cassidy, "Rob"	smile	noise	heavyweight champion
Chambers, Norma	meekness	G. H.	stenographer
Chiappisi, Sarah	her wave	reading	librarian
Clancy, "Johnnie"	hair	dancing	beauty specialist
Clark, "Curt"	drags	infants' ways	dancing instructor
Clark, George	baby face	studies	cigarette salesman
Clews, Helen	demureness	nothing	saleswoman
Colburn, Elva	reliability	conversation	school teacher
Coleman, "Flokie"	her ways	that man	aesthetic dancer
Colter, "Dot"	reading	noise	saleswoman
Cookson, "Tip"	dancing	that's all	sailor
Crawley, "Dottie"	good nature	sophomores	cook
Cylinski, Mary	color harmony	cosmetics	chorus girl
Dearing, "Ellie"	Zarb & Co.	closed mouth	Sunday School teacher
Doane, Muriel	brilliancy	modesty	music teacher
Dubois, "Laurie"	his "lizzy"	2nd hand cars	caretaker of Animal Rescue League
Eagan, "Johnnie"	sports	red hair	football coach
Eames, "Barb"	going to New York	boats	authoress
Ernst, Doris	laugh	plucked eyebrows	salesgirl
Evans, Elsie	marcels	childishness	folly-girl
Fall, Irene	"eats"	horse back riding	tight rope walker
Farrand, "Ruthie"	being late	a red-head	a good wife?
Fay, Martin	arguing	toleration	socialist
Ferson, Eileen	playing hockey	a sophomore	fortune teller
Fortune, "Freak"	noise	socialism	reformer
Gabriele, Celestine	size	athletics	stenographer
Gilfoil, "Phyl"	eloquence	quietness (?)	2nd Helen Kane
Gilpatrick, "Ty"	baseball	French	horse doctor
Hadley, Roger	complexion	sports	sugar daddy
Hall, Glen	size	wrestling	2nd Strangler Lewis
Hamilton, "Bonnie"	trips to Tougas'	speed	debutante
Hartshorn, "Art"	line	spats	footman
Hasenfus, "Joe"	good nature	girls	professor
Hedges, Estelle	dismissal slips	West Roxbury	proof reader
Hervey, Barbara	music	collecting money	librarian
Hill, Ruth	figure	independent air	dancing teacher
Hinds, "Nat"	gift of gab	French	commedienne
Hoag, George	story writing	French	author
Hobart, "Shrimp"	petiteness	Chem.	dancing instructor
Hodgdon, "Jam"	sports	day dreaming about ?	French teacher
Hodgdon, "Dick"	art	French	other foot in the grave
Hodgman, "Dick"	his hair	studies	bellhop
Holbrook, "Billy"	her roadster	girls	wash woman
		"Squeak"	

YEAR BOOK

Name	Noted For	Failing	Outcome
Huddy, "Bob"	good looks	a dancer	politician
Hunter, "Marley"	long hair	a voice	town crier
Jenson, "Babe"	shyness	those eyes	aviatrix
Johnson, George	voice	Glee Clubs	movie star
Johnson, "Ellie"	laughter	J. H.	costume designer
Jones, "Jonsie"	good marks	violin	musician
Knight, "Charlie"	prevaricating	anger	manager of Paramount
Knowles, "Jinx"	grin	poker	president of U. S.
Knox, "Wimp"	clothes	Newton girls	street car conductor
Langdale, "Ruthie"	politeness	giggle	nurse
Leach, "Bill"	autos	studying	chauffeur
Lewis, "Kitty"	clothes	dances	dressmaker
Lennon, Roger	hair comb	Law	street cleaner
Loomis, Aaron	ability	motor boats	orchestra leader
Maciunski, "Bolly"	seriousness	hard work	chemist
Mahoney, Helen	freckles	punctuality	clerk—F. & T.
Mann, "Freddie"	good looks	tennis	movie star
May, Gordon	violin playing	hand writing	musician
Minkovitz, "Minkie"	good nature	driving	tailor
Minkovitz, Rose	niceness	size	private secretary
McLaughlin, "Wally"	vocabulary	talking	glass blower
McCullough, "Kenny"	sports	Chemistry period	Scotchman
Mitchell, "Scotty"	explosions	H. F.	comedian
Mroczenka, "Joe"	size	football	doctor
Murray, "Lu"	rescuing people from home a la shank's mare	Charles River	dietician
Nason, "Reddie"	humor	many failings	woman's temperance leader
Newcomb, "Snookie"	long hair	none	missionary
Notman, "Jimmy"	stubbornness	tag collecting	tax collector
O'Day, Mary	spit curls	long dresses	manicurist
Pandolf, Velina	neatness	brown eyes	typist
Perry, Gladys	hair cut	asking dumb questions	welfare worker
Platukis, Joseph	ambition	a girl	milkman
Poland, Adelaide	blush	horses	actress
Pretat, Eleanor	frankness	gossiping	French governess
Quinlan, Ellen	grin	biting her nails	housekeeper
Quinlan, Harold	athletics	dancing	shoe salesman
Redonnett, Bertha	speed in shorthand	movie stars	court stenographer
Richards, Susan	pessimism	long hair	kindergarten teacher
Roper, Margaretta	whispering	straight hair	dressmaker
Ruane, James	red hair	conversation	radio announcer
Russell, Helen	her line	quietness	radio crooner
Sawtelle, "Pudge"	tickling the ivories	sarcasm	big woman
Stanwood, "Ruthie"	arriving at Millis	boys	society woman
Steadman, "Ken"	his "Chevy"	college boards	dairy hand
Stephenson, "Al"	his name	dry humor	rosebud
Stevens, Helena	white teeth	height	ballet dancer
Studley, Marjorie	neatness	clothes	costume designer
Stupak, Blanche	ability in history	good posture	secretary
Sturtevant, "Sturtie"	her "push"	making dresses	circus performer
Thomas, Roby	quietness	farming	photographer
Thorpe, John	his walk	radios	minister
Vellali, Rose	her smile	history	pianist
Voorhees, Clara	baby face	vamping	keeper, bachelors' home
Wallace, "Nig"	humor	marbles	lawyer
Walter, Phyllis	getting lost	rules	Latin teacher
Warren, Ivy	gift of gab	blonde hair	debater
Whitcomb, Winnifred	rose cheeks	talking	telephone operator
Wildman, Edith	her "stride"	good articulation	principal of a primary school
Willgoose, "Archie"	school girl complexion	apples	opera singer
Wilson, Harriet	slang	men	missionary
Woodruff, "Normie"	good disposition	the lunch room	girls' camp director
Yurrick, Stella	chewing gum	gym	singer of popular songs

The N. H. S. Wise Owl notes that:

This is just about the time of year that the sophomore discovers the rushing theme song, "Those little white lies."

The only man who became a physical marvel through correspondence courses is the mail man who carried the lessons about on his back.

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him,—so he flunked the exam.

She used too much makeup, so he called her his powdered sugar.



When The Mind Wanders—JUNE

Miss Durgin of Room 101 takes a great deal of pleasure in bringing to public light this historical examination classic:

"Magna Charta was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, who was seriously wounded. His wife, hearing of the incident, immediately went to him, picked up his gun and said: Shoot if you must this old gray head, but I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!"

* * *

Mr. Benton—"What pigment would you use in painting a boat red?"

Miss Roper—"I don't know."

McCulloch—"Gee, why didn't you tell him you wouldn't paint it red?"

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Coleman—(to Remsen) "What's the matter?"

Remsen—"Oh, I feel lousy."

Coleman—"Gee, you better go home and take a bath."

Fortune (dictating spelling words to the class)—"Cemetery"

Cookson—"I'm dying to get there!"

Miss Steele—"Yes, you will remember the saying 'Pansies for thought' will be found in Hamlet."

Huddy—"Gee, that's something like 'Pickin Petals off of Daisies'".

Michelson: "O yes, all the marriages of my relations have been successful. Not one divorce in the history of the family of Michelson."

Blackman: "I s'pose that is unusual. How come?"

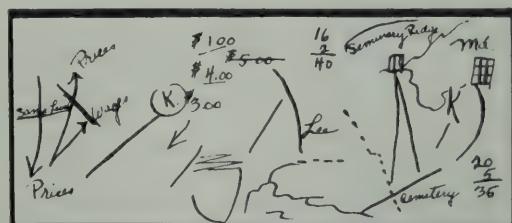
Michelson: "What! Haven't you heard?"

Blackman: "No, what's this?"

Michelson: "Why, Sweden's noted for its safety matches."

He—"No woman ever made a fool out of me."

She—"Gosh! Did you do it all yourself?"



MR. FROSTS' BOARD AT THE END OF A BUSY DAY

OH! FOR THE LIFE OF AN UMPIRE

Edmund Hanson, '33

Before the game you'll always see
A lonely man, pathetic, to me;
He wears a blue cap and a blue serge suit.
He's treated by others as dust underfoot;
A bull-dog expression he wears on his face,
He's known to others as crooked and base.
His voice is ever the unchangeable law.
His decisions are sometimes unfair and raw.
He looks at his watch and dusts off the plate,
Says, "play ball" and resigns to his fate.
He's the central attraction, noticed by all,
As he stands by the plate and throws in a ball.
He straps on his guard and puts on his mask,
And in his glory he's going to bask.
The home team's at bat, the first ball is
pitched,
It hooks and drops, as a thing bewitched.
He calls it a strike, right over the pan,
This draws forth boos from each loyal fan.
The next one's a ball, a little bit low,
The pitcher sarcastically desires to know
Where his eyes are, and what is their use,
Joined in by the others with language effuse.
This bothers him not, the ball is thrown hard;
It goes over the fence into someone's back
yard.
But, too bad, he says it's a foul.
Will the fans believe that? Just hear them
howl
He's a robber, a numbskull, a disgrace to the
state.
When brains were issued he arrived too late.
And so on, and so forth, nine innings the same
And the poor man is ready to give up the
game.
He swears each night, he'll go no more,
But he's out there next day, to make the fans
roar.
He's a person who seems to rouse everyone's
ire,
And it's no wonder—he's the umpire.

Miss Steele—(answering telephone)—"I
don't get the name—There's no one in my
class like that—"

Gilpatrick—"They must want me."

Mr. Benton—"How do fish travel?"

Miss Eames—"In schools."

Mr. Benton—"Does that mean they are educated?"

Miss Sturtevant—"No, and it doesn't mean
that we are either."

Miss Jones—(in math. class trying to work
out problem concerning a man running so
many seconds after an explosion) "Boom!"

Miss Fessenden—"Why, Miss Jones, what is
the matter?"

Miss Jones—"I was just imagining the ex-
plosion."

Clark (reading an example after Miss Fes-
senden has explained that a power of a num-
ber is read by adding th): "x to the ninth
power plus y to the twoth power."

Heard in the Lunch Room

'Tip': "Give me another sandwich, please."
'Jam': "Will there be anything else?"

'Tip': "Yes, give me a paper weight, the
last sandwich blew away."



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JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING

Waitress: "Hawaii, ladies? You must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this."

Tip: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?"

Tip: "Nome, you can wait on us."

Waitress: "Good, Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice."

Tip: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

Tip: "Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba butter in my Kona."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia."

Tip: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't believe you know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Caribbean. Youse girls sure Armenia."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks it is? Don't Genoa customer is always right? What's got India? You thing maybe this arguing Alps business?"

Tip: "Canada! Spain in the neck."



Mr. Frost (discussing origin of Christmas tree): "Where do our Christmas bulbs come from?"

Bell: "From the five and ten."

Small Boy—"What is college bred, pop?"

Pop (with son in college)—"They make college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

Why I am a profound Bachelor:—

1—In a moment of forgetfulness Dot told me her age.

2—"Tip" acted as if she had never been kissed before.

3—"Brick" kept a light on her porch—afraid of the dark.

4—"Reddy" always told the truth.

5—"Sturdy" had the "gimmies."

6—Barbara was my ideal girl but like all good girls she died.

They say the good die young. Sometimes I wonder—?

Mr. Frost: "Boyd, give the life of Tom Pinckney."

Boyd: "I say, Mr. Frost, all the great men in history made mistakes sometimes, didn't they?"

Mr. Frost: "Yes—why?"

Boyd: "Well—I looked up Tom Paine instead of Tom Pinckney!"

Mr. Benton—"It's quite dark here now. You had better put on the lights. You know we want to save because your parents have to pay for them."

L. Mulherin—"Put them off quick!"

Mr. Frost: "Some advocate moderation—others demand prohibition. What, I ask you, really is the great drink question?"

Fresh: "What'll you have?"

Cookson (after Mr. Frost has been shaking his head at a whisperer): "Say, was Mr. Frost shell-shocked in the war?"

Wife (to sax-playing husband): "If you don't stop playing that thing I'll go crazy."

Husband: "You're crazy already. I stopped half an hour ago."

Miss Dodge—(trying to explain meaning of alumnus): "Now when——graduates from high school, what will he be?"

Hollis—"An old man."

Carroll Cobb (on visit to the Zoo): "Have you received any reports about your gnus that escaped last week?"

Warden: "No, no gnus yet."

Mr. Benton—"What are the Cobalt blues?"

Miss Sturtevant—"I don't know what the Cobalt blues are, I've heard of the 'Wabash Blues'."

Miss Durgin—"Just because we are in a period of depression now, does it mean we always shall be?"

Hodgman—"No, my Ford has always started, but that doesn't say it always will."

Miss N.—"Oh! but how many times has it stopped?"

Hodgman—"All right now! That isn't the question."

"Hello Beautiful," "Would You Like to Take a Walk?" "Just Around the Corner?" "I Love You So Much" and "I'm All Alone."

"High Upon a Hilltop," and "Beyond the Blue Horizon," "There's a Cottage For Sale" and if you'll be happy with "The Little Things in Life," we'll "Go Home and Tell Your Mother" that we're going to live at "The End of Honeymoon Lane," "By the River Saint-Marie."



(A deep sigh from one member of the class)

Mr. Frost—"You sound like a fish coming up for air."

Hollis (to Mr. Frost)—"Take a deep breath."

Miss Gilfoil—"There are a lot of people absent today."

Miss Hodgdon—"Yes, Willgoose isn't here."

MOVIE FACTS AND FANCIES

Inspiration—There isn't any.

The Devil to Pay—Pleasure after midnight.

Dance Fools Dance—At the Prom.

Scandal Sheet—All N. H. S. notes.

The Last Parade—Second Lunch period.

The Great Meadow—Legion Field.

The Single Sin—Cheating.

Not Exactly Gentlemen—N. H. S. boys.

One Heavenly Night—Senior Prom.

Man of the World—Bill Leach.

The Gang Buster—John Cookson.

Fair Warning—Letters written home.

Going Wild—We've already gone.

Miss Hamilton—(giving summary of American Telephone and Telegraph Company): "Yes, they even increased their number of conversations last year."

Miss Fall—"Yes, that increase in hot air is the cause of an early spring this year."

Miss Durgin—"Eagan, what was the Reform Bill of 1832?"

Eagan—"Man suffrage for those over forty pounds."

Miss Sawyer—"No, that isn't the place—oh, I beg your pardon it is. I must be getting spring fever, too."

Dearing—"Yes, but you don't get an 'E' for yours."

Miss Reed: "What are some of the 'fruits of friendship'?"

Wells: "Dates".

Mann: "Pears."

Hervey: "Prunes."

Sawtelle: "Peaches."

Miss Poland talking in the corridor. Mr. Frost just coming up the corridor.

Miss Poland—"Yes, Mr. Frost, I'm still here."

Mr. Frost—"Yes, you're still here, but you're not here still (quiet)."

Pupil (reading from Macbeth): "What, you egg! Young fry of treachery!"

Miss Reed—"He came pretty near calling him a fried egg, didn't he?"

Mr. Small: "Ruane, what is an incendiary?"

Ruane: "It's an iron thing you put out in the back yard to burn papers in."

Mr. Frost (taking attendance, notices Mitchell, McLaughlin, and Farnham absent); "Well, I don't have to ask where those 'three musketeers' are."

Stewart—"How do we know Aaron Burr was as bad as the Historians make him?"

Mr. Frost—"Well, I believe that Muzzy knows what he's talking about."

Stewart—"How do you know his Grandfather didn't tell him that?"

Teacher—"Name the five Great Lakes."

Pupil—"Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, Lake Huron, Lake Erie and - er."

Teacher—"What is the sister to Lake Erie?"

Pupil—"Lake Eriette?"

Miss Reed: "Give a sentence with 'verily' in it."

Farnham: "Verily, I say unto you,—

Mr. Frost: "What is the latest date mentioned in your book?"

Dick Hodgman (dreamily thinking of his diary): "Sunday morning 4 a. m."

Miss Harrington: "Give a synonym for deputy."

Pupil: "Sheriff."

Gleckman (describing his latest expedition in lengthy detail): "Coming out of the jungle, I was confronted by a yawning chasm."

Beggary (bored): "Was it yawning before it saw you?"

Newest version of famous quotation:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"Pals, Yankees and students, wheel thine earflap toward me."

A FEW SONG HITS

“What Good Am I Without You”—High School Diploma.
“Sweet Jennie Lee”—Jeanette Birkett.
“You’re Driving Me Crazy”—Mr. Frost.
“Baby’s Birthday Party”—Underclassman’s 16th birthday.
“Three Little Words”—I am flunking.
“Hello Beautiful”—Clara Voorhees.
“Walkin’ My Baby Back Home”—Sophomore after the Proms.
“Reaching for the Moon”—Trying to get an “A”.
“Sleepy Town Express”—Charles River Bus.
“Runnin’ Between the Raindrops”—In the showers.
“Hurt”—After gym.
“After the Dance”—? ? ?
“You Gave Me Everything but Love”—The Faculty.
“The Peanut Vender”—Mrs. Gillespie.
“We’d Make a Peach of a Pair”—Florence and “Pete”.

* * * * *

ENGLISH CLASS

Miss Churchill whistling: “My Heart’s in the Highlands.”

McCulloch: “That sounded just like a bagpipe.”

Mr. Painter: “An officer arrested a man whose face he had remembered for twenty years. Wasn’t that a remarkable memory?”

Mrs. Painter: “No; I’d say it was a remarkable face.”

Miss Harrington: “I’ll let Rossi recite. He’s just dying to give the answer.”

Parker (disgusted): “Oh, let him die.”

Miss Durgin—“What is the most important use of water?”

Farnham—“To keep fish in.”

Mr. Frost: “Too many cooks scorch the soup.”

Miss Reed—“Now, suppose you needed five thousand dollars and knew a way to procure it dishonestly, it wouldn’t be right to take it, would it?”

Richards—“Depends on how much you needed it!”

Hodgdon: “Now you pride yourself on being able to judge a woman’s character by her clothes. What would be your verdict on this fair specimen idling down the corridor?”

Hodgman: (looking at scant attire of said fair specimen),—“Insufficient evidence.”

Miss Reed: “What is a fruitless crown?”

Farnham: “One without fruit.”

Clerk (Showing customer golf stockings): “Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast color, hole-proof, won’t shrink, and it’s a good yarn.”

Customer: “Yes, and very well told.”

Mr. Frost—“Now if I were George Washington—.”

Judge: “Why did you sock your husband with the table leg?”

Mandy: “Cause ah couldn’t lift the table.”

Mr. Frost: “When in Rome, do as the Romans do. When in Rome use Roman candles.”

Hollis: “S’posin’ you were in Buffalo?”

Miss Hamilton—(exclaiming) — “Hey!”

Mr. Frost—“This is spring not fall.”

Miss N—“Mr. Benton, what’s the greatest thing chemistry has given to the world?”

Mr. Benton—“Well, I hardly know the greatest.”

Miss N—“Blondes.”

Mr. Benton—“What about red-heads?”

Mr. Frost—“And who was the little nigger in the wood-pile?”

Miss Lewis—“Napoleon.”

THE ADVOCATE

WHO'S WHO — CLASS OF 1931

Best All Around Boy

Harold Quinlan 1st; Clark, Mann, Gilpatrick 2nd.

Best All Around Girl

Elinor Sturtevant 1st; Jeanette Birkett 2nd.

Most Popular Boy

Harold Quinlan 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

Most Popular Girl

Phyllis Gilfoil 1st; Elinor Sturtevant 2nd.

Best Looking Boy

Robert Huddy 1st; Frederic Mann 2nd.

Best Looking Girl

Jeanette Birkett 1st; Jensen and Voorhees 2nd.

Best Dressed Boy

Curtis Clark 1st; Winthrop Knox 2nd.

Best Dressed Girl

Jeanette Birkett 1st; Katharine Lewis 2nd.

Most Talented Boy

Curtis Low 1st; John Thorpe 2nd.

Most Talented Girl

Doris Jones 1st; Phyllis Gilfoil 2nd.

Most Intellectual Boy

John Thorpe 1st; Arthur Bucknam 2nd.

Most Intellectual Girl

Doris Jones 1st; Ruth Langdale 2nd.

Cleverest Boy

Curtis Clark 1st; Thorpe and Notman 2nd.

Cleverest Girl

Doris Jones 1st; Dorothy Burton 2nd.

Best Boy Dancer

John Cookson 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

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Best Girl Dancer

Dorothy Burton 1st; Ruth Stanwood 2nd.

Sheik

Kenneth Steadman 1st; Richard Hodgman 2nd.

Sheba

Clara Voorhees 1st; Ruth Stanwood 2nd.

Best Boy Athlete

John Eagan 1st; Harold Quinlan 2nd.

Best Girl Athlete

Janet Hodgdon 1st; Jeanette Birkett 2nd.

Best Boy Leader

Curtis Clark 1st; McCulloch and Quinlan 2nd.

Best Girl Leader

Elinor Sturtevant 1st; Mildred Bond 2nd.

Best Boy Sport

Harold Quinlan 1st; Joseph Hasenfus 2nd.

Best Girl Sport

Elinor Sturtevant 1st; Dorothy Burton 2nd.

Most Humorous Boy

Curtis Clark 1st; Frederic Mann 2nd.

Most Humorous Girl

Ruth Nason 1st; Phyllis Gilfoil 2nd.

Boy With Best Disposition

William Leach 1st; Harold Quinlan 2nd.

Girl With Best Disposition

Dorothy Burton 1st; Gilfoil, Birkett, Sturtevant 2nd.

Most Bashful Boy

Hasenfus and May 1st; Aaron Loomis 2nd.

Most Bashful Girl

Celestine Gabriele 1st; Joy Emery 2nd.

YEAR BOOK

Boy With Hottest Line

Richard Hodgman 1st; Wallace McLaughlin 2nd.

Girl With Hottest Line

Ruth Nason 1st; Phyllis Gilfoil 2nd.

Boy Who is Biggest Bluff

Wallace McLaughlin 1st; Richard Fortune 2nd.

Girl Who is Biggest Bluff

Ruth Nason 1st; Blanche Hamilton 2nd.

Boy Most to be Admired

Harold Quinlan 1st; Mann and Loomis 2nd.

Girl Most to be Admired

Jeanette Birkett 1st; Doris Jones 2nd.

Most Sarcastic Boy

Wallace McLaughlin 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

Most Sarcastic Girl

Priscilla Sawtelle 1st; Ruth Nason 2nd.

Boy With Biggest Drag

Curtis Clark 1st; Frederic Mann, 2nd.

Girl With Biggest Drag

Florence Coleman 1st; Doris Jones 2nd.

Most Stubborn Boy

Winthrop Knox 1st; Mitchell and Knowles 2nd.

Most Stubborn Girl

Blanche Hamilton 1st; Jones and Nason 2nd.

Boy Who Has Done Most for School

Harold Quinlan 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

Girl Who Has Done Most for School

Elinor Sturtevant 1st; Natalie Bosworth 2nd.

Most Perfect Boy

Frederic Mann 1st; Harold Quinlan 2nd.

Most Perfect Girl

Jeanette Birkett 1st; Ruth Langdale 2nd

Noisiest Boy

Richard Fortune 1st; McLaughlin, Mitchell, Cookson 2nd.

Noisiest Girl

Ruth Nason 1st; Phyllis Gilfoil 2nd.

Social Celebrity Among Boys

Winthrop Knox 1st; Kenneth Steadman 2nd.

Social Celebrity Among Girls

Ruth Stanwood 1st; Jeanette Birkett 2nd.

Boy Most Likely to Succeed

John Thorpe 1st; Aaron Loomis 2nd.

Girl Most Likely to Succeed

Doris Jones 1st; Gilfoil and Lewis 2nd.

Boy Alibi User

Richard Fortune 1st; William Leach 2nd.

Girl Alibi User

Ruth Nason 1st; Blanche Hamilton 2nd.

Nerviest Boy

Richard Hodgman 1st; Clark and McLaughlin 2nd.

Nerviest Girl

Ruth Nason 1st; Natalie Bosworth 2nd.

Most Persistant Boy

James Notman 1st; Curtis Low 2nd.

Most Persistant Girl

Edith Wildman 1st; Jones and Warren 2nd.

Most Courteous Boy

Low, Steadman, Knox 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

Most Courteous Girl

Ruth Langdale 1st; Katharine Lewis 2nd.

Most Cheerful Boy

William Leach 1st; Norman Woodruff 2nd.

Most Cheerful Girl

Phyllis Gilfoil 1st; Dorothea Crawley 2nd.

Quietest Boy

Roby Thomas 1st; Gordon May 2nd.

Quietest Girl

Joy Emery 1st; Celestine Gabriele 2nd.

THE ADVOCATE

Poet

Aloysius Stephenson 1st; Dubois and Notman 2nd.

Poetess

Katharine Lewis 1st; Hervey and Coleman 2nd.

Author

Archie Willgoose 1st; Aloysius Stephenson 2nd.

Authoress

Lois Beech 1st; Doris Jones 2nd.

Best Boy Orator

Wallace McLaughlin 1st; Curtis Clark 2nd.

Best Girl Orator

Phyllis Gilfoil 1st; Ruth Nason 2nd.

Most Pessimistic Boy

Martin Fay 1st; Wallace McLaughlin 2nd.

Most Pessimistic Girl

Susan Richards 1st; Elva Colburn 2nd.

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Neatest Girl

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Girl Bookworm

Janet Hodgdon 1st; Blanche Stupak 2nd.

Most Ambitious Boy

Aaron Loomis 1st; James Notman 2nd.

Most Ambitious Girl

Doris Jones 1st; Adelaide Poland, 2nd.

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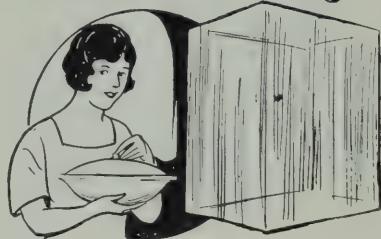


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